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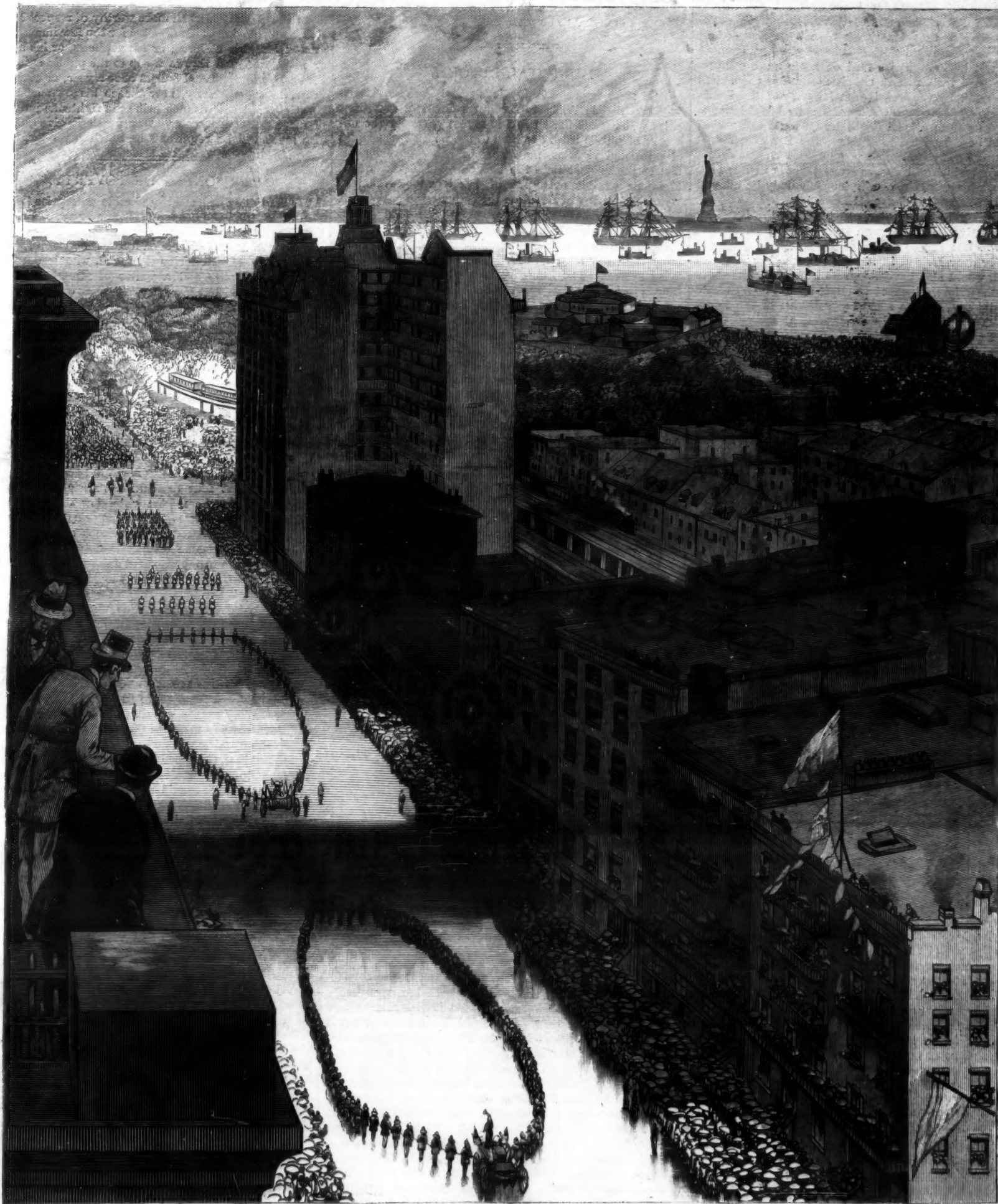
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE GRAND DEMONSTRATION ON "LIBERTY DAY," OCTOBER 28TH.—THE MILITARY AND CIVIC PROCESSION PASSING DOWN LOWER BROADWAY, WITH THE NAVAL PAGEANT IN THE DISTANCE.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 182.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

59, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
MR. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.
NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 6, 1886.

IMPERIAL CONFEDERATION.

IF it be true, as reported, that at a recent conference of British Tories, Imperial Confederation was adopted as an article of the Conservative faith, we may at no distant day witness important changes in the conditions of British politics. On this side of the water the proposed "new departure" certainly commends itself as natural and logical. While most Americans of advanced views have favored Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill for the sake of the principle of justice to Ireland which it embodied, it cannot be said that Mr. Gladstone's Bill contained the American idea, or was American in its conceptions of constitutional requirement. A Home Rule Bill for Ireland is so nearly a reconstruction of the British Empire, that Americans have been disposed to wonder why some symmetrical scheme of rearrangement should not be brought forward on some more comprehensive plan than that of simply measuring the extent of concession by the extent and intensity of the insubordination or discontent. Why, if Ireland's legislation is to be remitted to a local Legislature, should not that of England be committed to another, and that of Scotland to another? If the English people alone cannot elect a Parliament which will govern Ireland wisely in her local matters, why should a merely English body be allowed to govern Ireland in Imperial matters?

According to the American idea, when the last Irish representative had withdrawn from the British Parliament, the last excuse for England exercising any way whatever over Ireland in any matter, whether Imperial or local, would also have been withdrawn. If there is to be an Imperial Parliament at all, it should be a Federal Parliament, with some sort of distribution of the representation to England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, India, the Cape Colony, Jamaica, the Bahamas, Gibraltar, Canada, and the English colony in China. Such a distribution could not, of course, be proportionate to population, but it could be proportionate to political power, or to population of the Caucasian races, with a trace of representation for the Mohammedan and other black races not unlike that accorded by our Federal Constitution originally to "all other persons" than citizens. It could also be proportionate to Imperial taxation and expenditure for Imperial purposes.

Such a system, indeed, is necessary to give the so-called Imperial Government of Great Britain a power to tax the dependencies she is bound to protect, for the cost of her own Imperial efforts towards their protection. At present England is bound to protect Canada, India and Australia, but to abstain from taxing them. This is illogical and unjust towards both parties, and sooner or later must break down. England is full to-day of Local Government Boards which perform much of the work of our State Legislatures and County Boards of Supervisors combined. But Parliament is subjected to the constant necessity of authorizing, patching and overseeing it all. If all these powers were remitted to a local English Legislature, an Imperial Parliament for strictly Imperial affairs would remain, to which Ireland and all the outlying British dominions could with dignity and profit send delegates to represent colonial interests on terms of equality with the English.

The colonies among themselves—particularly Jamaica and Canada—have been agitating for this system of Imperial Federation for years. Australia desires it, and England would be chiefly benefited by it, as it would create a basis on which the taxation incident to legislation for the whole Empire could be distributed equitably over the whole Empire. At present England stands in the somewhat hypocritical position of pretending with her 32,000,000 people to govern an Empire of 260,000,000 of foreign subjects without taxing them for her home cost of government, except as she can make places for her official class or find sale for her goods among them, neither of which motives, according to the true spirit of modern freedom, is a sufficient or justifiable motive to the people of any one race for intermeddling in the affairs of any other. The British Constitution ought, it would seem, to be developed into something more logical than a mere superstructure formed of convenient and maintainable intrusions, conquests, usurpations and perpetuations of injustice.

THE "INTERVIEW" ABUSE.

AN alleged "interview" with James Russell Lowell, recently published in the *New York World*, has been indignantly repudiated by Mr. Lowell, who states that advantage was taken of a private conversation, and even the opinions which he expressed, in confidence as he supposed, have been entirely distorted. The "interviewer," an American man of letters who bears an honored name, only says that he understood that Mr. Lowell was aware of the "interview." It is not necessary to discuss this particular case, but it is worth while

to enter a protest against the prevalent abuse of the "interview." It has its place in journalism. Where a man of prominence is willing to speak for publication, and where whatever he may say can be submitted to him in proof for his indorsement, the interview is evidently harmless, indeed useful. It often happens, of course, in the haste of daily journalism, that the interview as written out or put in type cannot be submitted to the speaker for revision. All that can be done then is to employ the most accurate "interviewer" for the service desired. But far worse than inaccuracy is the practice of surprising the confidence of men or women, and publishing conversations intended to be private. This is worse even than the manufacture of bogus interviews, an industry which unhappily seems encouraged by some journals. To betray the confidence of even a political opponent is an act of meanness of which even a burglar or sneak-thief would be incapable, if there is any honor at all among thieves. As Mr. Lowell well says, "On such terms society would become impossible." No reputable journal, no editor who claims the possession of a conscience, can afford to encourage such breaches of confidence as are involved in the publication of a conversation intended to be private.

MUNICIPAL REFORM.

THE most important questions now before the American people relate to the government of our great cities. It has not been usual in recent years for the observer of public affairs to turn to the South for samples of pure and vigorous municipal or other government. But at the present time the two cities of Nashville and Memphis exhibit examples of municipal government which are worthy of attention throughout the nation. A few years ago both cities were suffering from the worst forms of misrule and public corruption. In sheer self-defense the best citizens organized for the purpose of sweeping away such abuses. Both cities abolished the ward system. The influence of the "ward-boss" was known to be evil, and to overthrow it the system which made his existence possible was wiped out. Nashville secured a charter intrusting its affairs to a Council of Ten (suggestive of the autocratic body which once was supreme in Venice). This Council in turn intrusted the business of the city to three citizens, called the Board of Public Works, each of whom received the respectable salary of four thousand dollars. The Council was composed of well-known citizens. First-rate business men were secured for the Board of Public Works. They devoted all their time to the specific duties of managing the business of the city on commercial, and not on political, principles. For three years this government has been in existence. Its results appear in the reduction of taxes, the streets converted from mud holes into paved ways, the Fire Department improved in equipment, and the credit of the city strengthened—results that prove the excellence of the methods adopted in the service of municipal reform.

The City of Memphis exhibits a similar improvement. Political or partisan considerations have been eliminated from the nomination and election of municipal officers. The principles of Civil Service Reform have prevailed. Officers of the Fire and Police Departments have not been removed except for cause. The credit of the city has greatly improved. From being one of the filthiest of towns, a sort of American Naples, Memphis has become one of the healthiest and cleanest. These commendable changes have been effected by the best citizens putting forward representative men for office.

The time is not, we trust, remote when in our great cities, containing populations larger and more difficult to control than the Italian republics of the Middle Ages, the best citizens may control municipal affairs. This most desirable result can be secured by an aroused public sentiment and by the union of the citizens in a general movement for municipal reform. Public lethargy and dissipation of interests are weakness. Municipal patriotism is at present a need more urgent than national patriotism. Two cities of the South have set an example in every way worthy of being followed in the North, the East, and the West.

USES OF WEALTH.

IT is told that a famous French orator, preaching before Louis XIV., declared that all men were mortal. The King's brow grew dark, and the preacher, recovering himself, made haste to add: "That is to say, most men are mortal." The story is probably an invention, but it is none the less true in spirit, like most epigrammatic stories. The point is, of course, that the great and the fortunate live in an atmosphere and under conditions which make it possible for them to forget their littleness and their feeble hold on life. They have, as it seems to them, emancipated themselves from the submission to the chances of the hard human lot. When they contemplate death, it is rather as if they were making a concession than as if they were paying a debt. How should a rich man die? Even as he ought to have lived, with a sense that his wealth was given to him as a trust, like beauty, or genius, or power, or noble birth; not a possession of his own, for himself alone, but a good to be administered for the bettering of his fellow-men, and of himself with his fellow-men. "For we are made for

co-operation," says Marcus Aurelius, "like the eyes, like the hands, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth." What is any gift of nature or of fortune without society, which makes the gift available to the individual? It is society that makes genius and noble birth, and power and wealth, things worth the having, and the individual is but a sign that stands for the thing signified. As a member of society he has a right to his place, but he must remember his duty. There are some who do remember; there are more who forget.

The more we think of it, the deeper is the meaning of the word *duty*. A miser lives a long life, growing rich by the toil of the community, even more than by his own penuriousness. He sees his only son growing up in ignorance, because to have him instructed requires an outlay of ready money. He leaves his sister, an old woman, to the charity of the far-away town in which he was born; and he dies at last, leaving his wealth to educate other people's sons, to found a library, or a picture-gallery, or a museum, or an observatory. What should save a man like this from contempt, if not execration? Equity and the right human instincts turn from him and those like him.

Is the other type at all more worthy of respect? The rich man who keeps his millions for the few immediately around him, his children, or his nephews, or his agents, or his clerks, and throws a sop to the public opinion in the shape of a thousand dollars once a year, or every two years, to some charity, may silence his own moribund conscience, but he cannot bribe the righteous judgment of mankind. "To whomsoever much is given, of him also much will be required," here and hereafter.

"PRISONERS OF POVERTY."

WITH timely and most creditable enterprise the *New York Tribune* has undertaken an investigation into the lives of the workingwomen of New York. For this purpose the *Tribune* has been fortunate enough to secure the services of Mrs. Helen Campbell, who is not only a successful novelist and a writer of remarkable power and earnestness, but also for many years a close observer of the sorrows and trials of the unfortunate. No one could be better fitted for the task of examining sympathetically and yet wisely the condition of workingwomen. Of these, exclusive of domestic servants, Mrs. Campbell says, in her first article, there are 200,000 in New York. With epigrammatic force and stinging satire she writes: "The city which affords the largest percentage of habitual drunkards as well as the largest number of liquor-saloons to the mile, is naturally that in which most women are forced to seek such means of subsistence as may be had." Mrs. Campbell points out that all the untrained and more helpless women fall back upon sewing. Here they meet four difficulties. Their own incompetency may keep them from obtaining first-class work. Middlemen or "sweaters" lower the price to a starvation point. Contract work done in prisons or reformatories brings about the same result. Country women having homes of their own take work at any price which may be offered, frequently simply for the purpose of earning "pin money" for personal gratification. There are over ninety-two trades in which women are employed, and in these "clothing in all its multiplied forms takes the first place, and the workers on what is known as 'white wear' form the large majority of the always increasing army." First-class shirtmakers fortunate enough to have direct relation with the best of the large factories can earn from \$7 to \$12 a week. In East Side factories, many women working under the worst sanitary conditions earn from \$5 to \$8 weekly during the busy season, the working week consisting at the least of sixty hours. But Mrs. Campbell says that "the greater number of manufacturers on both East and West Sides of the city turn over the work to middlemen, or send it to the country," and the shirtmakers, we are told, "fare far better than the majority of the workers on any other form of clothing."

This general outline of the difficulties in the way of shirtmakers applies to those working at other trades. Details of "profits wrung from the helplessness and bitter need" of workingwomen, of wretched sanitary conditions, of the ceaseless pressure of the necessity for toil, and of overwhelming, unrequited tasks, will be given as Mrs. Campbell goes on to the "story of the units that make up this army"—an army aptly called by her, "prisoners of poverty."

We need not emphasize the importance of such an investigation. "Till the methods of the day are analyzed, till one has defused justice, asked what claim it makes upon the personal life of man and woman, and mastered every detail that can render definition more possible, the questions that perplex even the most conservative can have no solution for this generation, or for any generation to come." We believe that such solution will be hastened by the disclosures of this investigation, and for that reason we welcome it as timely and valuable.

WOMEN AS EDUCATORS.

WE are glad to see that an organized movement is in progress to secure the appointment of women upon the New York Board of Education. There has been a feeling for many years that such a step should be taken, but for one reason or another New York has lagged behind other cities in this country and abroad, where women have successfully shared the administration of edu-

national interests. In England, women have served upon the School Boards of London and other cities, and their value has been acknowledged. Women have been appointed upon the Boards of Boston and Philadelphia. In the former city, Miss Elizabeth Peabody and the late Miss Lucretia Crocker earned a reputation as educators which has scarcely been surpassed by any other member of the Board. The proposition that women should have a voice in the training of their children does not rest upon theory. It has borne the test of actual experience.

The New York movement took form recently in the presentation of a request to the Board of Education to sign a petition to the Mayor for the appointment of two women. The terms of seven Commissioners expire this Autumn, and it is asked that only two of the vacancies be filled with women—a sufficiently modest request. The members of the Board appear to have hesitated, although one or two signed the petition, and Superintendent Jasper, whose practical experience gives his opinion exceptional weight, expressed himself as believing that "the influence of women would be valuable where there are so many women to deal with as there are in the school system of the city." Subsequently a committee of the Primary Teachers' Association conferred with the Teachers' Mutual Association in reference to the matter, and the almost unanimous opinion was in favor of urging the Press and influential individuals to request the appointment of women. There were, to be sure, one or two dissenting voices. One teacher argued that women were not conversant with business affairs, and that "women were always harder upon women than men would be." The first point has been abundantly disproved by the numerous cases in which women have shown their ability to understand and even to direct business interests. The second argument has a humorous side which the speaker probably failed to appreciate. But the opposition was insignificant. It was held that in any city where half or more of the teachers favor the change, women should be appointed upon the School Boards. It was aptly said, "Women will keep politics out. Practical, educated business women will have nothing to do with politics." The two women most prominently mentioned for the New York Board are Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi and Miss Grace H. Dodge. Both of these women have interested themselves in educational matters. One is a skilled physician, with special knowledge of troubles to which women and children are peculiarly liable, and the other has had experience in philanthropic work relating largely to institutions for children. We are not arguing, however, for individuals, but in support of the principle that mothers should be represented in the charge of their children at school, and that women should have a share in the supervision of women's work. It is a matter of simple justice as well as of equity that it should be so. Moreover, the change would benefit tax-payers, for such women as would be selected for School Boards would not lend themselves to any political chicanery, or to any corrupt scheme. We can only attribute New York's backwardness to the sheer *vis inertiae* of an unreasoning conservatism. Mayor Grace has shown himself in many respects a progressive magistrate. He has an opportunity now to close his term with an act which will be an honor to himself, and an advantage to the educational interests of the city.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

WHILE the Russian official Press persists in declaring that the Czar does not propose, as yet, to resort to armed intervention in Bulgaria, all the facts in the case go to show that the occupation of the Principality will not be much longer postponed. Two Russian cruisers have been dispatched to the Bulgarian port of Varna under the pretense of protecting Russian subjects from ill-treatment, and many of the wealthy inhabitants have already left the town in anticipation of its bombardment, which has been threatened if any attempt is made to prevent the landing of Russian sailors. One dispatch says distinctly that it is proposed to occupy Varna if certain Russians, who were arrested for participation in a recent political disturbance, are not at once released. Meanwhile the Bulgarian Government adheres to its anti-Russian policy, but has postponed for a few days the opening of the Great Sobranje, owing to the non-arrival of some of the country members at the capital. Preparations are in progress for the election of a Regent in place of M. Karaveloff, and the election of a Prince, notwithstanding Russian protests, will speedily follow. So far there is no apparent disposition on the part of the Powers to nominate a candidate for the throne, and how far they would acquiesce in any selection made by the Sobranje is purely matter of conjecture. A demand of General Kaulbars that the Regency should raise the state of siege of Sofia has been emphatically refused. Ominous reports of military preparations in Turkey as well as Russia continue to be received; thus, the Commander-in-chief of the Turkish Army in Macedonia has been instructed to continue the concentration of troops, notwithstanding the bad weather, and to provide for their cantonment in wooden sheds; while war material is being sent in large quantities to Adrianople, where within the last fortnight several field batteries have arrived, and sixteen battalions of infantry are shortly expected. The gravity of the situation is certainly increasing every day, and it is difficult to see how a collision, with wide-reaching consequences, can be much longer averted.

Lord Randolph Churchill's speech at the Tory conference held at Bradford on Tuesday of last week was not of a character to shed glory upon his alleged statesmanship. He talks about carrying out Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern policy "as closely as the changed condition of European affairs will allow," when the fact is that that condition vitally excludes England, and if Russia receives a check in the Balkan Peninsula it will be from Germany and Austria, rather than through any efforts of Lord Churchill and his party. He contemplates the Irish situation with remarkable complacency, and concludes, without any doubt or hesitation, that the Home Rule Question is settled for at least two generations. He makes a vague promise, indeed, that the Government will "deal with local government in Ireland," but adds that it will take its time about even that. He then appeals for closure, or "the previous question," in the House of Commons. With a bare majority there, the young Tory leader is undoubtedly asking too much of his party; while, on the other hand, his bid to his opponents is not sufficient to draw from their strength. How long a Ministry can be kept in office by such tactics is at present a difficult question, but it may be decided sooner than the would-be successor to Lord Beaconsfield counts upon.

The French Press continues to protest against the English occupation of Egypt, and the Government is said to have expressed to the British Ambassador its dissatisfaction at the non-fulfillment of British pledges to evacuate the country according to the terms of the London convention. The London journals retort that England will judge for herself when her task in Egypt is finished, and that will probably be the answer of the Government to any direct demands which may be made by France, especially as it is understood that neither Austria nor Germany will support any individual action which France may take, or any collective action

on the part of France, Russia and Turkey, with a view of compelling England to abandon Egypt.

SIR CHARLES DILKE, instead of resigning himself to the decision of the court in his case, will make another effort to establish his innocence. He claims to have discovered new and important evidence in his favor, and expects to find more. He hopes to be able to return to public life and to rehabilitate himself in the public esteem. He may do so, but if he does, the result will be due to popular forbearance rather than to the force of any "evidence" he may adduce in his behalf.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY has done a thing as courageous as it is wise in voting to discontinue the practice of conferring degrees. If such degrees had been given in the past only upon the ground of merit, the public would have made no complaint; but they have been so often bestowed either as a reward for money received or expected, or in the hope of winning social influence, that the custom is held to be a farce, or something worse. The way to kill such a mangy dog is to cut off his tail close behind the ears. Cornell has done it, and we trust that other universities and colleges will not be slow in following her example.

THE plans for the great Catholic University which is to be located at Washington are rapidly maturing; and work upon the buildings will be commenced next Spring. In addition to Miss Caldwell's original contribution of \$300,000, subscriptions to the amount of \$500,000 have been received. A commission of three bishops sailed on Saturday last for Europe, for the purpose of asking the blessing of the Pope upon the proposed enterprise. They will also make a tour of the leading universities and confer with the leaders of Catholic thought as to the selection of a Faculty for the new university. This institution will no doubt fill a large place in the future educational work of the Catholic Church in this country, and its development and progress will be watched with more than ordinary interest.

THE officers of the Young Women's Christian Association of New York have recently moved into the comfortable and handsome new building on Fifteenth Street, although the rooms are not yet ready for general occupancy. A building like this has been long needed in New York, and it is pleasant to know that every dollar of the cost, \$125,000, has been subscribed. One peculiar advantage is the generous space given the classes. Free instruction forms an important part of the Association's work, but lack of facilities has hitherto interfered with this excellent purpose. In the new building two floors and a part of a third are occupied with class-rooms. These, and the other improvements in the building, which has the ample proportions of 75 by 103, and is six stories high, will greatly enlarge the usefulness of the Association.

THE members of the New York State Woman Suffrage Association have "the courage of their convictions." They applied for a place in the ceremonies connected with the unvailing of the Liberty Statue, and were denied. They then applied for a position in the naval parade, and were coolly advised to take passage in the boat of one of the French societies. Thereupon, in order to emphasize their indignation at the treatment to which they were subjected by the male managers of the pageant, the plucky women hired a boat for themselves, and without asking anybody's leave took up one of the most favorable positions for viewing the ceremonies on the island. Subsequently they held a meeting, and, after denouncing the ceremonies as a farce, passed resolutions declaring "that in erecting a statue of Liberty, embodied as a woman, in a land where no woman has political liberty, men have shown a delightful inconsistency which excites the wonder and admiration of the opposite sex," and other sentiments of a like sort. The unchivalric males who refused the women their small request will find it difficult to gainsay the truth of the proposition embodied in these resolutions.

WE are now using in the Press-rooms of this establishment a new \$10,000 Web Perfecting Press, which is a notable advance on all presses heretofore in use. This press is designed especially for illustrated book and newspaper printing. The paper is fed to the machine in roll form, and cut into sheets of different sizes, and printed on both sides by one operation of the machine. In this machine are embodied many new features to accomplish these results. The inking of the forms and registering of the plates, the means of removing the off-set from the impression cylinder, are most remarkable in the present state of the art, and are not found in any other machine. The small amount of floor space required to accomplish these results is another important feature. The speed of this press is from two to five thousand copies per hour. It is constructed to a flat delivery, and is adapted for the attachment of a folding machine where desired. The best commendation we can give this machine is the fact that our best press, standing by its side, prints one thousand copies of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER on one side, with three attendants, while the new machine prints two thousand perfect copies with two attendants, doing the work equally as well, if not better. This press was built by the I. P. Morris Co. of Philadelphia, the well-known builders of Rotary Presses, under the patents of Mr. Jos. L. Firm, Superintendent of the Press-room of this establishment.

THE proceedings against the Andover professors who are charged with no longer "approving themselves men of sound and orthodox principles in divinity, agreeable to the creed to which they have promised religiously to conform," were formally commenced by the Board of Visitors last week. Eminent counsel appeared for the complainants and the accused professors, and there was a good deal of sharp contention as to whether the Visitors had original or appellate jurisdiction. The point insisted upon by the complainants was that the founders of the Theological Seminary had a right to impose what conditions they saw fit; that having required that a certain creed should be taught therein, all persons who accept the position of teachers must comply with the conditions attached; and that the Board of Visitors being charged with the enforcement of these conditions, they have absolute control over the charges of heresy now presented. The Visitors, after a patient hearing, decided that their original jurisdiction is undoubted, and that the complainants are rightly before the Board, but they directed that the charges should be amended so as to proceed against the accused professors individually and separately, instead of collectively, as at first proposed. It is obvious from the opening arguments that the controversy will be one of intense earnestness, and that its outcome, whatever it may be, will largely affect the future of the denomination which makes its stand for orthodox "principles in divinity."

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND last week ordered the summary suspension of William A. Stone (Republican), District Attorney for the

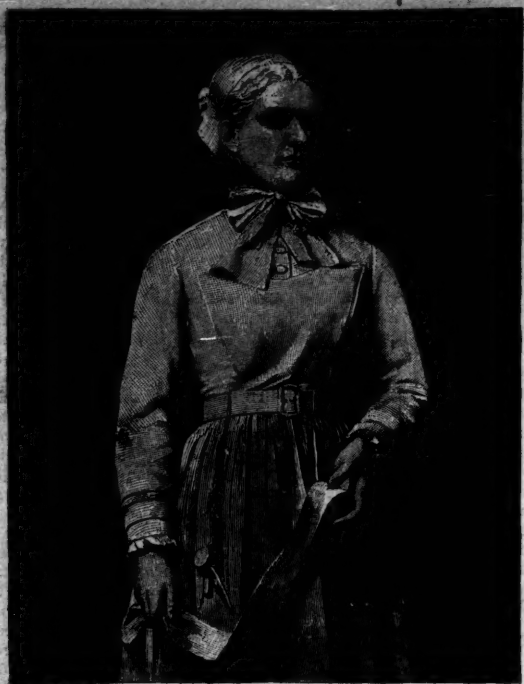
Western District of Pennsylvania, and of M. E. Benton (Democrat), District Attorney for the Western District of Missouri, for participation in politics by making partisan addresses. This action is in every way commendable, but the public would regard it with greater satisfaction if the President had not overlooked so many similar violations of the Civil Service rules by public officials. During the recent canvass, Democratic office-holders have been conspicuous in nearly every Northern State in manipulating conventions, levying assessments, and rendering other forms of partisan service; in some cases all the power of important offices has been aggressively employed in furtherance of partisan ends; but none of these violations of law have provoked the disapproval of the President, although many of them have been urged upon his attention. The Philadelphia Record, a Democratic paper, charges that the Administration has been wholly blind as to the partisan activity of Federal office-holders in the eastern part of Pennsylvania, and in California, according to the New York Times, where "the law relating to the assessment of Federal employes has been flagrantly violated," nothing whatever has been done towards the punishment of the offenders. It is well for the President to enforce the law against offenders even in a single case, but he must not suppose that he will receive much credit for sincerity of purpose if he contents himself with merely occasional spurts of devotion to the principles of Civil Service Reform.

THE decision of the United States Supreme Court reversing that of the Supreme Court of Illinois, in the case of that State against the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific Railway, shows very clearly the necessity of Congressional legislation regulating interstate commerce. The action against the company was for unjust discrimination in charging twenty-five cents a hundred on grain from Gilman, Ill., to New York, while at the same time it charged only fifteen cents from Peoria to New York, a greater distance by some eighty-six miles. Clearly, in the absence of national laws regulating such freight charges, the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois could not in equity do otherwise than rule against the action of the company; and the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in reversing this ruling, though no doubt constitutional, can only be justified on the assumption that Congress will at once adopt measures regulating commerce between the different States, as it is doubtless its function and duty to do. The principles involved are so intricate, that the majority opinion in the court of last resort was not concurred in by the Chief-justice and two of the Associate Judges. The principal point in the argument is, that when each one of the States, or half a dozen States, shall attempt to establish each its own rates of transportation, the influence of such action upon the freedom of commerce among the States would be injurious; and that this species of regulation, if established at all, must be done by the National Legislature under the Commerce clause of the Constitution. Since this ruling deprives the several States of all power in the matter, there is now no law to prevent the most glaring injustices in the charges for freight or other transportation where it is not entirely within the limits of one State. This decision practically nullifies rules laid down by the Railway Commissions of Georgia, Mississippi, Minnesota and Wisconsin.

THE recent report of the Special Committee appointed by the Board of Education to consider the subject of technical instruction in the public schools of New York is at least a statement of the case. Its recommendations are so far practical that it calls for appropriations and a prompt beginning. A great many very good persons, represented by more than one member in the Board of Education, doubt whether the public has the right to give technical education "to a few at the expense of the others." This is the kind of doubt that would stop every forward movement; that would have stopped the invention of the alphabet, if Cadmus had been a Board of Education. It is quite certain that everything we know must have been known, first of all, to one, and then to a few, and last of all, to the collective wisdom known as a Board. The public schools cannot, of course, undertake to embrace the whole cycle of civilization, and turn out ready-made chemists and poets and lawyers and geologists; and it is satisfactory to reflect that nobody asks this of the public school department. It is, however, not only within the province, it is absolutely the duty, of the Board of Education to see to it that the public school system is made to meet the demands of the public. Whether society goes on as it has gone, or remodels itself, one thing is assured: the majority of the children now growing up will have to earn their own living. This law, established when the race began its career, will rule to the end of time. With the progress of mankind—and, in spite of contradictions, there is progress—civilization becomes continually more complex, and what is called primary education must have a wider and wider extension of meaning. Those who are charged with the direction of the public schools should be alive to the movement of the world, and filled with the sense of their duty to the community. The technical schools are the logical consequence of the A, B, C. If the first step is taken, all the others are implied in their order.

THOSE familiar with the *modus operandi* of the Indian agent in dealing with the wards of the nation are well aware that he is the cause, in the majority of cases, of the troubles arising between the aborigines and the Government. Aristotle discovered over two thousand years ago, that autocratic powers could only be safely invested in any one man when that man happened to be the best, the bravest and strongest person in the community. We, less wise than the politic Greek, have conferred absolute powers on the Indian agent in his relations with the various tribes, though he has frequently proven himself neither brave nor strong, except when backed by United States troops. In the issue of rations, the agent is responsible apparently to no one; if he is honest, the Indians will get what is due them; but if he chooses to be dishonest, there is nothing to prevent dishonest practices, and as he is assumed at Washington to be upright, his reports are accepted unquestioned. An agent some years ago was appointed to the charge of Indians on a reservation in New Mexico, at a salary of \$1,200 a year. He retired after two years worth \$150,000, all this accumulation being the profits, it is claimed, of his peculiar method of serving out the supplies to the Indians. It is also alleged, with apparent truth, that the frauds in connection with the contract schools for teaching the Indian children are even more flagrant, one reverend school contractor having, it is stated, received \$178,884 for the education of 1,700 little Indians. The system of placing the Indians under the charge of a man who is stipulated a small salary, who dispenses large sums and is practically supervised by no one, has led in nearly every instance to trouble, and there is probably more truth than the reverse in the statement made by Geronimo to General Miles that the cause of his leaving the reservation was the tyranny and abuse of the officials in charge. The policy of the Government of the United States towards the Indians has been generally liberal, but this liberality is worse than wasted while Indian agents have full scope for peculation. The existing policy should be amended as speedily as possible.

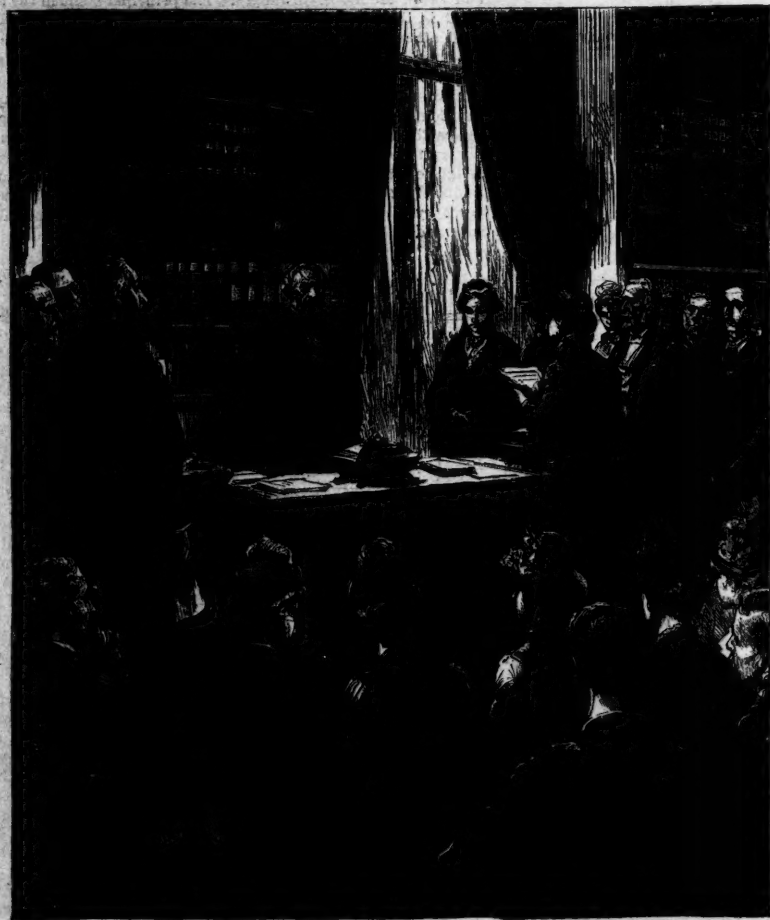
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 182.



ENGLAND.—STATUE TO "SISTER DORA," AT WALSHALL.



BULGARIA.—GENERAL KAULBARS INTERRUPTED AT A PUBLIC MEETING IN SOFIA.



ENGLAND.—THE LADY MAYORESS OF DUBLIN READING AN ADDRESS OF THE IRISH LADIES TO MR. GLADSTONE, AT HAWARDEN.



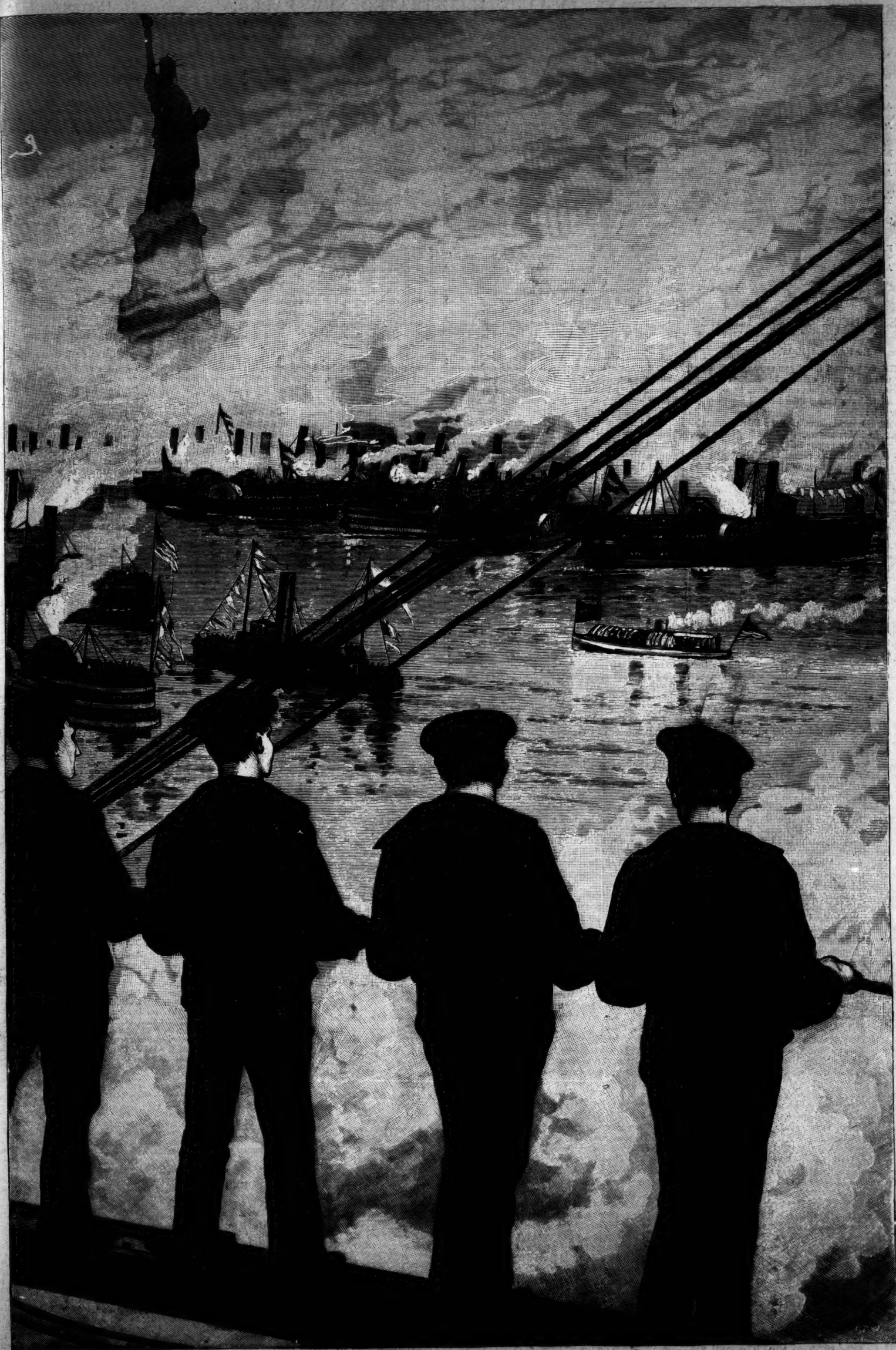
FRANCE.—THE CASTLE OF CHANTILLY, PRESENTED BY THE DUC D'AUMALE TO THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.



CAPE COLONY, AFRICA.—THE TOWN OF PORT ELIZABETH.



GERMANY.—COUNT HERBERT VON BISMARCK, NEWLY APPOINTED "STAATS-SECRETAR."



NEW YORK.—THE UNVAILING OF THE BARTHOLDI STATUE OF LIBERTY, OCTOBER 28TH.—PRESIDENT CLEVELAND PASSING THROUGH THE FLEET OF ASSEMBLED VESSELS IN THE LAUNCH "VIXEN," ON HIS WAY TO BEDLOW'S ISLAND.
THE GRAND SALUTE.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 181.

A WOMAN'S BARGAIN.

YOU will love me? Ah, I know;
As men love—no better, dear.
Worship? Yes, a month or so.
Tenderness? Perhaps a year.

After that, the quiet sense
Of possession; careless care,
And the calm indifference
That all married lovers wear.

Blame you, dearest? Not at all.
As Fate made you, so you stand;
As Fate made you, so you fall,
Far below Love's high demand.

Yet, how strange is Love's deep law!
I can look you through and through,
Trading plainly Nature's flaw
In the heart she gave to you;

Knowing all my heart must stake,
All the dagger, all the fear,
And yet glad, even so, to make
This, my losing bargain, dear!

MADEIRA S. BRIDGES.

LESS UNCONSCIOUS THAN HE SEEMED.

By FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

THE first sound that I can remember hearing was the slam of a door; I presume it roused me from my stupor, or whatever my previous state might have been; then I heard my brother-in-law say:

"Shut those windows, please; there's draught enough to kill a dozen well people! And, Kitty, have one of the servants bring that little air-tight stove down from the trunk-room, and then see that there is a gentle fire kept up here at least until midday to-morrow. I will be back in a few moments."

I had been trying to open my lips to say something, to ask why I was lying in my bed at this hour of the day, or to request my sister Kitty to put another blanket on the bed; but I could not utter a word. While I was wondering what ailed me and why I felt so queer, one of the servants, who had entered with the little stove, said to her companion:

"Sure an' the mather's that quare! Niver before did I hear of anny one wantin' to kape a dead man warm; begorra, some o' thim gets warm enough where they've gone, but not the likes o' Mather Fred."

Why had Norah such a sound of tears in her voice?

"An' why, I wonder, didn't some o' thim miserable spalpeens round in the back street git runned over an' kilt, instead o' him?" Norah continued, "It will about kill his sister."

A cold chill came over me; who were they talking about? Surely no one could believe that I was dead? A score of weird tales which I had read came rushing through my mind—how people had been buried alive; how dear ones had permitted husband, brother, father, even mother or child, to be neglected as past hope; and how, after infinite suffering, the supposed corpse had struggled free from the coffin and winding-sheet and come home again; and I thought, too, of the many who had never been able to free themselves, and I would have shuddered if I could have moved a muscle or even an eyelash; but I was as immovable as any corpse.

In what seemed a century I again heard my sister's voice. Considering that her only brother was supposed to be dead before her very eyes, I thought she seemed very blithe.

"Oh, Otto," she said to her husband, "then you do not think Fred is really dead?"

"No more dead than I am, my dear; he has evidently received a severe blow upon his head which rendered him senseless and has thrown him into a sort of trance or cataleptic state. I have just been to see Dr. Burke, and he says it is very probable. Anyway, Kitty, I insist that the room be kept warm, quiet and comfortable; if alive, he is weak, and this place, when I came into it, was cold enough to have frozen any invalid; and then, on the other hand, if he is not alive, it will do no harm to have the temperature a little high, for any sign of decay will settle his condition beyond a doubt—and until I am quite positive he is dead I will give him the benefit of the doubt."

I had always liked and respected my grave brother-in-law; now I loved him. How I blessed him for his words! That he would stick to them I had no doubt, for he was a perfect mule for obstinacy—No, no, never again would I call him obstinate, but firm.

I certainly was weak, for I either dozed now or had a faint turn, for the next thing I knew the room was warm, a soft scarlet shawl was spread over my feet, as I could see through my half-closed eyes, the curtains were drawn down, and the house was delightfully still. My sister seemed to have been persuading her husband into a grudging consent to something, for he was saying:

"Well, have your own way, Kitty; I can't pretend to fathom the minds of you women, and you may be right; I do not like the girl myself, and I think our Fred is thrown away on her. But then, you see, there never was but one woman in the world to me."

"You are the best man in the universe, Otto! I do hope you are right, and that dear Fred can hear what we say," answered my sister, kissing me tenderly.

"If he can," answered Otto, laying his firm, cool hand on my forehead, "he knows that he is to be cared for, and that no harm shall come to him if Otto Kramer can defend him."

Alas! my tear-drops too were paralyzed, and the tears which I felt rise in them could go no further. Kitty now spread a large white quilt over me, letting it hang straight and smooth, and then she and Otto left the room. I had faith in them, and

again I allowed myself to lapse into a state of unconsciousness, from which I was aroused by a voice which I knew right well—the voice of Feroline Palmer, my betrothed; she was saying, calmly:

"I will be glad, Mrs. Kramer, if you will leave me quite alone with—Fred for a few moments; give me just five minutes! I know you have never liked me, but surely you will not refuse the last request I will ever make of you."

What could she mean? Could Kitty have been so heartless as not to tell her that Otto knew that I was still alive? Kitty and she were not good friends, for my sister showed plainly that she did not think Lina (whom she always spoke of by her full name, Feroline) half good enough for me; but I was of a different opinion. In my eyes Lina was not cold, but only full of pure maidenly reticence; that she was at all mercenary was, to me, disproved by the fact that Harold Carter, the matrimonial prize of our town, had not been able to win her from me, though everybody could see that he was head-over-heels in love with her.

"Very well," answered my sister, in a tone of a woman convinced against her will, "I will leave you now, and return in five minutes."

As Kitty shut the door behind her, I felt a glow of pleasurable anticipation come over me; I said to myself that surely the warm kiss which Lina would give her dead lover would break this strange thrall that held me as in a vise, and that I would seem to come back to the life I had never left. Fancy my surprise, then, to find that when she drew near my bed it was not to give me any kiss, but to gaze calmly upon me and say, in a quite audible whisper:

"Free at last! Now, if I can only get those idiotic letters of mine, I can easily convince Harold and the world that I never, even at first, returned any of the wild fancy Fred bothered me with. I wonder if, had I never seen Harold, I could ever have brought myself to care two straws for Fred Monteith? But time passes."

So saying, she drew from her pocket a little key which I at once recognized. In the earliest days of my courtship, when Lina was as yet not quite won, I had had two oaken boxes made and fitted with very peculiar locks; one of these I had given to Lina for her to keep her treasures (my letters, a lock of my hair, etc.) in, and had used the other myself for a similar purpose, as she well knew. She only could unlock my box, for no other key but my own would have any effect on it. She quickly went to my table where the box was placed, and opening it, she hastily snatched from it the thick packet of her own letters, a bow of blue ribbon, an old glove, and one or two pictures, and thrust them into her pocket. Then she came to me, and taking my hand in hers, drew from it a ring she had once given me, and in its place put the one like it which I had given her; the only difference in the two was in the inscription within them.

I was so astonished, so curious, that I forgot my disappointment in regard to the kiss, but listened with eagerness to what she should say now that Kitty came back to the room.

"I suppose you have wondered, Mrs. Kramer, to see me so calm about your brother's death; but the truth is that we came to the conclusion, only this very morning, that we were unsuited to one another—you knew that he was coming away from my house when he was run over, did you not? Yes, I thought so. Well, he had just returned my letters to me, and in his presence I had burned his to me. He had been pleased for some time to be jealous of the attentions Mr. Carter paid me, and I had at last owned that if I were free I should accept Mr. Carter. Of course, under these circumstances you cannot expect me to bewail Fred's death nor wear mourning for him; indeed, I don't see why I need go to his funeral. I believe I'll go and visit my cousins in Albany until it is all over. I speak thus plainly to you because I know there has never been any love lost between us two."

Now, there was not one word of truth in what Lina had said! And you may imagine how her story surprised me. What with being considered dead when I was keenly alive to all that was going on around me, and with hearing such a remarkable tale, I had no chance to be broken-hearted over the defection of my lady-love.

So I had been run over! Well, it was something to have learned that much. I had a faint memory of starting to cross a street, and then of a shout, a rush, a blow—and then nothing until I heard my brother-in-law utter the words already quoted.

But my surprises were not at an end. The statement thus calmly given by Lina was scarcely out of her mouth when my door was again opened and Theresa Ainsleigh entered. My sister welcomed her cordially; she and Kitty were very intimate, and she was as much at home in our house as any one of us were. The greetings exchanged between her and Lina were, however, of an icy character. While Kitty and Lina were saying a few parting nothings, Theresa drew near my bed, and I saw, to my surprise, that her eyes were full of tears, which would not be stayed, but welled up until they dropped upon my unresponsive hand; yet Lina had not showed a trace of feeling! I had a queer sensation, as if I were assisting at some spectacle, and were an invisible auditor at that.

As the door closed behind Lina, Theresa threw herself on her knees and sobbed aloud:

"Oh, Fred, why were you taken? My darling, my darling!"

Here was a revelation! Theresa loved me! So it was for my sake she had refused more than one capital offer, and I had simply set her down as cold and old-maidish! She was a dear little thing, anyway.

Kitty has since said that she, too, was so astonished, she did not know what to say first; suddenly she remembered that perhaps I could hear all that was going on, and, if so, maybe I would at last appreciate Theresa as she deserved; so she would not, just now, deceive her. Then again,

if she told Theresa that it was not a cadaver to whom she was telling her love, the poor girl would be too much mortified to ever look us in the face; by-and-by, if Otto was correct in his opinion about my condition, it would be easy to tell her that I had been restored, but not to let her know that I had never been given up by my own family.

Theresa confirmed Kitty in this intention by rising and pressing a long, warm kiss on my stony lips, and then hastening from the room.

In the intervals of consciousness which came to me I had leisure to meditate upon the two girls. I blamed myself for being hard-hearted because I could not feel the sorrow at Lina's loss which it seemed to me that I ought to experience; and Theresa's bright eyes and sweet mouth would rise before my mental vision in a most unaccustomed way. I really felt quite grateful to Kitty for what I was sure was a little artifice on her part to convince me how little Lina had actually cared for me, although her scheme had succeeded beyond her wildest hopes.

A few more hours convinced all my physicians that the Angel of Death had not yet been sent for me, and, though I was ill for several weeks, I was at last restored to my usual health. In the days of my convalescence Theresa frequently came to read or sing to me, and my eyes now being open to her virtues, I found myself getting seriously in love with her.

One day I surprised her by saying:

"By-the-way, Theresa, when is my old sweetheart, Feroline Palmer, going to be married?"

"Why, hasn't Kitty told you? Her engagement to Harold Carter was broken off in less than a fortnight; it turned out that he was already married, though separated from his wife, and her father made such a talk about it that Harold disappeared."

"And left Lina in the lurch, eh? Well, she got her pay for jilting me much sooner than I fancied she would. Why do you look so surprised? Did you believe the story she told Kitty? There was not a word of truth in it."

"But you had your own ring on, and the box where you kept her letters was unlocked and empty, Kitty said; she looked into things to see if she was misjudging Feroline in disbelieving what she had said."

"Oh, Lina was cute; she took her letters and changed the rings when she was left alone with her so-called dead lover," I replied, incautiously.

"Oh, Fred, you must not be so unjust, so bitter! Probably that blow on your head made you forget what had happened that morning; she is free now," and Theresa gave a faint sigh, and I saw the corners of her mouth droop.

"Yes, she's free, and likely to remain so; she can't play her game for ever. She is a cold-hearted, mercenary flirt!"

Theresa thought my words were induced by wounded pride, so she tried to console me.

"Feroline has been to inquire for you ever so many times, and I told Kitty that I thought she ought to bring her up to see you."

"No, no," thought I; "Kitty knows better; she knows by my silence about her that I have lost my interest in her."

These were my thoughts, but as I said not a word, Theresa continued:

"She sent you those lovely roses which you have been admiring."

"Did she?" I exclaimed, eagerly. "Please hand them to me."

Theresa did so, fully expecting to see me press them to my lips, and not at all anticipating that I would take and fling them into the bright fire which glowed in the grate before me.

"Why, Fred!" she cried, in amazement.

"There goes her gift, and there goes my fancy for her, if there was any of it left, that is. That blow on my thick skull, Treasie, convinced my dull intellect that I had been mistaking pinchbeck for gold. What a fool I was to have looked at Lina when you were still unmarried, and therefore free to be loved!"

"Fred!" gasped Theresa; but I checked her flow of words by the usual means that lovers employ.

When Kitty came into the room a little later to see about my luncheon, the arch-hypocrite pretended to be immensely surprised to see the close embrace in which she found the two of us; but a glance which we exchanged over Treasie's unconscious head told me that she was satisfied now that I had heard all that was going on in the hours when I was left for dead.

But she kept my secret, and it was not until Theresa and I had been married two years that the secret was ever revealed. Kitty, at that time, also told Lina what her share in the matter had been, and the two women have not spoken since.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

TO THE MEMORY OF "SISTER DORA."

Dorothy Wyndol Pattison, endeared to the memory of the English people and the Christian world generally as "Sister Dora," died in December, 1878, aged forty-six years. She spent the prime of her life in hospital and mission work, the principal scene of her labors being the Cottage Hospital at Walsall, near Birmingham. A statue in honor of this devoted lady was unveiled at that town on the 11th ult. It is of white Sicilian marble, 7 feet 10 inches high. It stands on a pedestal of red Portland granite, enriched with four panels illustrative of incidents in the life of the heroine. "Sister Dora" is represented in her Sister's cap, dress and apron, holding in her hand a partially rolled bandage.

RUSSIA AND BULGARIA.

The Bulgarian Great Sobranje will probably be in session at Tirnova ere these lines are published. Its efforts are not frustrated, the election of a new Prince will take place promptly. The Regency has two or three candidates in view, notably Prince Waldemar of Denmark, who is reputed to be in fa-

vor at St. Petersburg, though there is no evidence to show that Russia thinks of him for the Bulgarian throne. The theory of Prince Alexander's return seems now to be regarded as wholly impracticable. There is little prospect, however, of a reconciliation being effected between the Regency and Russia, though the Bulgarian Government is disposed to make concessions, and would probably promote the election of a candidate nominated by the Powers, if the latter were only united in a choice. It is expected that M. de Giers, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, will issue a circular to the Powers declaring that active measures are necessary to terminate the anarchy prevailing in Bulgaria, on the ground that it is dangerous to the peace of the Balkan states and offensive to Russia. Russian gunboats are already reported to be threatening the Bulgarian bank of the Danube. General Kaulbars is making specified reclamations to his Government concerning the alleged excesses on the part of the Bulgarian local authorities during the recent electoral campaign. One of the anti-Russian demonstrations, at Sofia, is portrayed in our picture. It was shortly followed by another disturbance at a café, where a "heyduk," or half-military seignor of the Russian Consulate, was forcibly turned out of the house for the offense he had given by bringing a Russian Government circular, and attempting to read it. This circular, which was the same that General Kaulbars had read from the platform or tribune at the public meeting, set forth the intentions and demands of the Emperor of Russia concerning the future of Bulgaria.

IRISH LADIES AT HAWARDEN.

On the 4th ult. Mr. Gladstone received in the library of his home, Hawarden Castle, some forty deputations respectively representing the ladies of Ireland and the municipalities of Cork, Limerick, Waterford and Clonmel. The deputations were received by Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and other members of their family. The cachets of bog-oak and silver containing the addresses were placed on tables by the windows overlooking the Castle terrace. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone took up a position between these cachets and the windows, while the ladies and gentlemen of the various deputations stood about the room. The first presentation was by Mrs. Kate Sullivan, the Lady Mayoress of Dublin, wife of Mr. T. D. Sullivan. It consisted of a brief address in favor of Home Rule, and was signed by 400,000 Irishwomen. This forms the scene represented in our engraving. Then followed addresses and presentations by the Mayor of Cork (Mr. P. J. Madden), the Mayor of Limerick (Mr. O'Mara), the Mayor of Waterford (Mr. J. T. Power), and the Mayor of Clonmel (Mr. B. Wright). Mr. Gladstone then subscribed the various burgess rolls, and replied to the addresses in what the London *Graphic* calls "a neat little speech," which lasted over an hour and a quarter. The company were subsequently entertained at luncheon.

CHANTILLY.

Our engraving gives a view of the front and principal entrance of the magnificent and historic Chateau of Chantilly, the home of the Condés, which, with its broad domain and its picture-gallery, representing a money value of not less than \$6,000,000, the Duc d'Aumale has given to the French Institute. At first the expelled Prince had intended that the Institute, of which he is a member, should own Chantilly only after his death; but the bitterness of exile seems to have given him the desire to see his will executed during his lifetime. He reserves the income, but eventually the Institute will have a revenue of \$100,000, to be used for pensioning impoverished artists and men of letters, and for prizes founded to encourage the arts and sciences.

PORT ELIZABETH, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Our view of Port Elizabeth, the flourishing Cape Colony town on Algoa Bay, is engraved from a photograph at the Colonial Exhibition in London. The court there devoted to the exhibits representing the Cape Colony is full of interest. Almost at a glance is brought home to one the vast progress which must have been made there in civilization since the Portuguese navigator, Bartholomew Diaz, first doubled the Cape in 1486, when King John II. of Portugal bestowed upon it the name of "Cabo de Boa Esperança." Port Elizabeth has to-day a population of about 15,000, and is the terminus of two or three railroads.

COUNT HERBERT VON BISMARCK'S NEW APPOINTMENT.

Count Herbert von Bismarck, the elder of Prince Bismarck's two sons, has been lately appointed *Staats-Secretär*—an office which in the German Empire means something quite different from Secretary of State in the United States. It is of far more importance than the diplomatic offices which Count von Bismarck has hitherto held, ranking next to that of Chancellor, which is held by the man of "Blood and Iron" himself. The Count is in his thirty-seventh year, and is said to have inherited his father's shrewdness, firmness and ambition.

BARTHOLDI DAY.

UNVAILING OF THE LIBERTY STATUE.

LAST Thursday was a great day for New York, and a proud and happy one for Mr. Auguste Bartholdi. The artist-enthusiast's dream of twenty years was at last fulfilled, and he saw his statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," the mightiest of colossal, standing for the grandest idea ever symbolized by the sculptor's art, dedicated amidst the rejoicings of the two great Republics. M. Bartholdi, since his arrival on Monday morning, had been made lion of the day. He bore his honors with grace and modesty. As he said in his response to Mayor Grace, when the latter presented him with the freedom of the city, "I know just enough of your language to express to you the feelings of gratitude that I entertain." The sculptor's wife accompanies him. Among the distinguished Frenchmen who came with him from Paris to assist at the ceremonies of the unveiling of the statue are: Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, now in the eighty-second year of his age, with Mlle. Ferdinand, his eldest daughter by his present wife; General Philippe Xavier Pellissier, of the French Army; Admiral Jaurès of the French Navy; Colonel Launédat, Director of the School of Arts and Trades; M. Léon Moussier, formerly editor of the New York *Courrier des Etats Unis*; M. Charles Bigot, delegate of the Press Syndicate, of France; M. Heillard, delegate of the Paris Chamber of Commerce; M. Jacques Eugène Spuller, Deputy, from the Department of Côte-d'Or; M. Frédéric Desmons, Deputy, from the Department of the Gard; M. Emile Renouf, the eminent painter; M. Deschamps, Vice-president of the Municipal Council of Paris; Colonel de Pury, second in command of the Polytechnic School.

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Paris; M. Léon Robert, Chief of the Cabinet of Public Instruction; M. Napoleon Ney, a grandson of Marshal Ney, and acting President of the French Geographical Society; and Lieutenant Villégente, aid of the Minister of Marine; together with a number of journalists and artists representing various Paris newspapers. The French guests were received with the highest honors the city could bestow, and have been royally entertained during their stay. President Cleveland, accompanied by Secretaries Lamar, Whitney, Bayard and Vilas, and Colonel Lamont, arrived in the city on Wednesday evening. In short, the hotels of New York were full of distinguished people while the number of outside sightseers who flocked in from all directions on Thursday must have exceeded 100,000.

Bartholdi Day dawned with leaden skies that threatened rain. A fog hung over the streets and Bay, and the statue, robed in clouds, towered heavenward in spectral grandeur. Broadway, however, and the city streets generally, were brilliant with the gaudy colors of France and America; while the dense crowds of people abroad from earliest daylight demonstrated that mere weather cannot dampen American enthusiasm on such an occasion.

The great parade, into which were mustered over 20,000 men, was admirably marshaled by General Stone and staff. The procession came down Fifth Avenue, and reached the review stand at Madison Square about 11:30. On this stand were the President and members of his Cabinet, Governor Hill and staff, Generals Sheridan and Sherman, M. Bartholdi, Count de Lesseps, and a great many more French and American notabilities of the day. Opposite were stationed the Old Guard and the Thirtieth Regiment band. In the First Division of the parade, marshaled by Colonel John Hamilton, were the United States Naval Brigade, the Army Brigade, the Second Regiment, National Guard of New Jersey, and a detachment of Massachusetts Volunteer Militia.

The Second Division of the column consisted of the First Brigade of the National Guard, escorting the French column. As the Seventh Regiment band came along playing the "Marseillaise," the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and the crowds applauded. President Cleveland raised his hat repeatedly. The Sixty-ninth, the Eighth, Ninth, Twelfth, Seventy-first and Eleventh Regiments came along in that order, each with its band and its drum-major. Gilmore's Twenty-second Regiment band played "Yankee Doodle" as it passed in review. The First and Second Batteries followed, and then came the French column, made up of veterans, Rochambeau Grenadiers and French societies. Many prominent French citizens rode in carriages. City officials in hacks came next.

A feature of the Third Division was a fine-looking brigade of police from Philadelphia and a company of mounted police from Brooklyn. The Italian Rifle Guards and uniformed Italian societies appeared, after a detachment of the Brooklyn Fire Department, but the remaining six divisions of the line, as originally laid down, were lost to sight in the overwhelming rush of old-time firemen and visiting volunteer companies, with their flower-decked "machines." The fire-laddies formed the backbone of the entire parade. Harry Howard, the hero of the Veteran Volunteer Firemen, limped bravely along at the head of his company, and several historic old pumps were contrasted with the glittering steamers of modern times.

The Grand Army Brigade, which followed, was under escort of Brigadier-General James McLeer and a detachment of the Second Brigade of the National Guard. Three little girls, dressed as vivandières, and accompanying one of the fire-and-drum corps, stepped from the line to present a silk flag to M. Bartholdi, and flowers to the President. After the Grand Army Posts came the students and schoolboys, and Washington's old coach brought up the rear. Altogether, the procession was one of the best managed and most interesting ever witnessed in New York. It moved down Broadway, crossed the plaza in front of the City Hall, passed underneath the handsomely decorated triumphal arch in front of the World building, and so on down to the Battery, where it was dispersed.

The rain had happily held off all the forenoon; but now a decided drizzle began. The naval parade which started down the Bay at 1:30 p.m., was almost lost in the fog. It was picturesque, but dreadfully confusing. Fully 300 vessels, of all descriptions, were in the line, which formed in the Hudson, and steamed majestically down to the open harbor and Liberty Island. There, upon a spacious stand erected at the base of the pedestal, waited the distinguished guests of the day, including the President, the French delegations, and the speakers—the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Senator Evaris, Dr. Storrs, and Bishop Henry C. Potter.

Soldiers lined the battlements, and over 3,000 persons were upon the grand stand. Very few ladies were present, on account of the bad weather. The President sat in the middle of the covered platform, with Bartholdi on his right and Count de Lesseps on his left. The exercises began about 3:15, amidst a pandemonium of artillery-salutes from the war-ships, and shrieks from hundreds of steam-whistles, above which were heard at intervals the strains of French and American national airs, performed by Gilmore's band. A floating city of ships surrounded the island. The tars manned the yards, and bunting was flung out lavishly. Over all drifted the clouds of mist, steam and gunpowder-smoke, giving a peculiarly weird aspect to the wonderful picture. After prayer by Dr. Storrs, and a charming speech by the tireless and brilliant Count de Lesseps, Senator Evaris spoke the formal presentation address, and M. Bartholdi pulled down the Tricolor veil from the face of his sublime statue. President Cleveland accepted the work in the name of the people of the United States; the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew delivered the oration of the day; after which, music and a benediction ended the ceremonies.

The re-embarkation for return to the city was necessarily attended with some confusion and discomfort, but without accident. The illumination of the statue, and the pyrotechnic display, which were to have been prominent features of the inauguration festivities, had to be postponed until a clearer and more propitious evening. Notwithstanding this disappointment, the celebration was, as a whole, worthy of the occasion, and the popular enthusiasm manifested was fairly expressive of the joy universally felt in the possession of fair France's magnificent gift to our nation—Bartholdi's "soul-tured dream of Liberty."

HOW COMETS ARE BORN.

A WRITER in *Cornhill Magazine* says: "If an orb like the sun ejects from its interior the materials for forming a first-class comet, it must send

forth that flight of meteors in good style, or else the cometic progeny will return to the bosom of its solar parent 'like the prodigious son'—as Launcelot has it—a disappointment and a failure. The ejected matter must start forth at the rate of a few hundreds of miles per second. 'In our sun's case 330 miles per second would suffice. A noteworthy effort must be made, even by such a giant as a sun, to effect this lively ejection. But that a sun is capable of it, no one who considers the might of our own sun can for a moment question. He is 325,000 times as strong as this little earth on which we live. His vitality is shown by his lustre, which is about equal to the light which would come from two millions of millions of millions of millions of electric burners. It is shown also by his tremendous emission of heat, equal to what would result from burning each second a mass of coal (of the best quality, be it understood) 200 miles broad, 200 miles long, and 200 miles high—that is, eight million cubic miles of coal. This would be about twelve thousand millions of millions of tons per second (the whole output of our exceptionally coal-producing country is about one hundred and fifty millions of tons per annum). The sun, then—and doubtless every one of his fellow-suns, the stars—has undoubtedly the requisite power, if only it had the will, to eject matter in the required manner.

"Now, of course, our own sun is not often engaged upon such work as this. Although most active and vigorous, the source, indeed (directly or indirectly), of all life and energy within his system, he works steadily, not fitfully. Yet every now and then he spurts into sudden though local activity of the most amazing kind. In one of these fits he shot out a flight of bodies whose swift motion through the hydrogen atmosphere which enwraps the sun was measured at 100 miles per second, and indicated (as was shown by mathematical computation) a velocity of 450 miles per second, as the missiles left the sun's surface. Since the time (1872) when the sun was first caught in the act of thus ejecting matter away from his own interior for ever (because he can never bring back matter which leaves him with a velocity of more than 380 miles per second) he has been detected four or five times at the same lively business. There can be no doubt, then, either about the sun's power to eject matter from his interior as the giant planets and our own earth seem to have done, or about his exerting that power from time to time. And what the sun can do, his fellow-suns can do likewise. In fact, just as our earth is a sample planet, so the sun is a sample star.

"Now supposing there are ten thousand millions of stars in our galaxy—a most moderate calculation—that each one of them has been in the sun-like state for ten millions of years (our earth actually tells us by her crust that the sun has been at work as now for one hundred millions of years), and that in ten years on the average only one ejection such as we are considering has taken place, then there would be ten quadrillions of star-ejected meteor flights in comets traveling about the interstellar spaces. With so goodly a probable supply, we need not wonder if our solar system is from time to time visited by larger comets, such as these ejections might be supposed to have given birth to in the past. But a few of the comets which from time to time visit our sun may be regarded as his own children returned to him—not to stay, only to pay a sort of flying visit. The greater number of the comets ejected by him and returning—for want of sufficient velocity at starting—to their own home, would come straight to the warm bosom of their parent, and there rest—

Absorbed in never-ending glory
In the heart of the great ruling sun."

But although this would be the usual end of such bodies, and though those paradoxers err who imagine that bodies shot out from the sun could ever circle round him as the planets do, yet it might easily happen that one of these returning comets might miss its aim, so to speak. Very moderate perturbations, such as the giant planets are well able to produce, would so affect the movements of the comet, that on its return to the sun it would steer clear of his globe and go back into the depths from which it had returned. In the case of those large comets, like Newton's in 1680, and the comets of 1665, 1843, 1880 and 1882, whose orbits pass near to the sun's globe, we may fairly imagine this to be the true interpretation."

THE CRAWFISH.

"THERE is no fish that grows so slowly as the common crawfish," said a pisciculturist, who has been trying the experiment of artificial propagation of that fish, to a reporter of the *New York Mail and Express*. "And none that has so many curious characteristics. A female crawfish on an average 150 eggs. The eggs are fastened to her on the under side of her tail, and when the fry are hatched they look like tiny worms. Each young one is attached to its mother's tail by a fine thread, and is protected there for several weeks. At the age of a year a crawfish is not more than an inch in length, and it must be four years old before any edible use can be made of it. Then it is big enough for use in a soup which epicures allege is a very delicate dish. The crawfish is not marketable as a table fish under eight years of age, when it is four or five inches in length. It changes its shell every year, the male in June and the female in July. It is during their shelling season that they fall victims to bass and other enemies, being then entirely helpless and a most tender morsel. The young are born in May, the female remaining in a hole in the bank of the stream until the eggs are hatched. While the female prefers a solitary life, the male crawfish is a genuine socialist, and large numbers of them live together in holes higher up the bank than the home of the female. Eels are the most destructive enemy of the crawfish, and in rivers or streams where the latter are plenty eels are unknown. The most prolific crawfish water in this country is probably the Miami River, in Ohio, and no one ever saw an eel there. Striped bass are plenty, and while they grow fat on the shedder crawfish, they do not seem to be able to decrease their numbers.

"Crawfish are themselves voracious feeders. They hunt their prey at night. They swim well, and their sense of sight is very keen. When they eye their prey they sneak upon it with great stealth, and when within a yard or so of it make a quick, bold dash, and impale the minnow on the sharp protuberance forming the extremity of the head. The prey secured, the crawfish sinks to the bottom and devours it, holding and tearing it with its two strong claws. Rubellus, the great German pisciculturist, says that the crawfish will not eat putrid meat, but I have found that it is no more particular as to its diet in that respect than

its cousin, the lobster, is, and the lobster will eat anything.

"The crawfish has not been accepted as a good fish in this country except with a few persons of epicurean tastes, but in Germany and other European countries it has long been a favorite food. In fact, the demand for crawfish in Germany has increased so that the artificial propagation of the fish is carried on with considerable profit, and the catching of wild crawfish is one of the most remunerative callings of the fishermen. They fish for them in the Oder, Obra and Elang Rivers with peculiar nets, and the catching of crawfish by the method known as lighting is also a favorite way with the German fishermen. During the Summer months the fish seek shallow places in the water where the bottom is smooth and gravelly. The fishermen wade in the water carrying bright torches of pine wood. The light reveals the crawfish lying on the bottom, and seems to draw them so that they can be lifted out of the water with the hands. A single fisherman has been known to catch as many as a thousand crawfish in one night's fishing in this way.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CASTERS made of heavy sole leather are a new invention.

A FINE lustrous polish for delicate cabinet-work can be made as follows: Half pint of linseed oil, half pint of old ale, the white of an egg, and one ounce of spirits of salt (muriatic acid). Shake well before using.

THE power of the electrical railroad at Toronto, Canada, costs only \$2 a day. The equipment for 1½ miles of road cost \$9,000; the receipts are \$500 a month, and after all expenses are paid a profit of 75 per cent. is realized.

M. LOSTAT, a French contractor, preserves wood of all kinds by piling the wood in a trench or trough, covering it with quicklime and sprinkling with water. The lime-water not only preserves the wood from decay, but makes it harder and stronger.

ACCORDING to the report of the National Telephone Association, telephony has not yet reached such a point as to make long-distance service formidable in competition with telegraphy. One hundred miles or so seems to be the paying limit at present, notwithstanding that there are several lines which exceed that distance. That of the Wisconsin Telephone Company is the longest, and has 199 miles in regular and successful operation.

THE *Journal of Reconstruction* states that an infant loses from three to six ounces in weight during the first four to six days after birth; by the seventh day it should have regained its birth-weight; from that to the fifth month it ought to gain about five ounces per week, or about six drams a day; after the fifth month, about four drams a day; at the fifth month it ought to have doubled its birth-weight, and in sixteen months quadrupled it.

A PATENT has been issued to George Westinghouse, Jr., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the inventor of the Westinghouse air-brake, for a new system of distributing electricity, to be used in lighting and for other purposes—a system which, it is said, will greatly cheapen the electric light and render it a more dangerous rival of illuminating gas than it has yet become. The new invention will, it is alleged, effect a saving of about 95 per cent. in the distributing main wires as compared with the Edison "three-wire system."

ACCORDING to the calculations made by a scientific writer lately, it requires a prodigious amount of vegetable matter to form a layer of coal, the estimate being that it would really take 1,000,000 years to form a coal-bed 100 feet thick. The United States has an area of between 300,000 and 400,000 square miles of coal-fields, 100,000,000 tons of coal being mined from these fields in one year, or enough to run a ring around the earth at the equator 5½ feet wide and 5½ feet thick, the quantity being sufficient to supply the whole world for a period of 1,500 to 2,000 years.

A PATENT for water-proofing and hardening articles made of paper stock or wood pulp has been issued to F. C. Robinson and William H. Cothern, of Brunswick, Me. The article to be treated is dipped in a mixture of one part of resin to two parts of paraffine, and soaked according to the quality and size of the article. Generally it is thoroughly impregnated with the mixture. The result resembles horn in hardness, smoothness and gloss, can be worked with tools like boxwood, is impervious to water, acid and alkalis, and is flexible. It can be made to resist great wear by coating with water-glass, which is made insoluble by dipping in dilute chlorhydric acid.

THE process by which Chinese leather acquires its peculiar characteristics is described as follows: The skins are put into tubs containing water, salt-petre and salt, and after thirty days are taken out, the hair is shaved off, and the skins well washed in spring water; each hide is then cut into three pieces and well steamed, which is done by passing them several times backward and forward over a steaming oven—further, each piece is stretched out separately over a flat board and secured with nails, so as to dry gradually and thoroughly in the sun. The smoke of the oven makes the leather black, and if it is desired to have it of a yellow appearance, it is rubbed over with water in which the so-called wongchee-tree has been soaked.

PHYTOLACCA-ELECTRICA is the name given to a plant which possesses strongly marked electromagnetic properties. In breaking a twig the hand receives a shock that resembles the sensation produced by an inducting coil. Experiments made on this plant (says the *New York Medical Times*) showed that a small compass was affected by it at a distance of about twenty feet. On a near approach the needle vibrated, and finally began to revolve quite rapidly. The phenomenon was repeated in a reverse order on receding from the plant. It is said that no birds or insects are ever seen on or about this plant. The soil where it grew contained no magnetic metal like iron, cobalt or nickel, and it is evident the plant itself possesses this electrical property.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

OCTOBER 25TH.—In New York, Mrs. A. T. Stewart, aged 81 years; in New Providence, N. J., John F. Chace, Vice-president of the Maritime Association, Port of New York, aged 49 years; in Providence, R. I., John R. Balch, Treasurer of the P. & W. R. R., aged 78 years. OCTOBER 26TH.—In Newport, R. I., Alfred Smith, millionaire real estate owner, October 28th.—In Boston, Mrs. Louisa T. Craign, well-known in musical and literary circles.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MISS CLEVELAND has severed her connection with the *Chicago Literary Life*, after three months' thorny editorial experience.

THE son of ex-President Arthur and the two sons of the late President Garfield are studying at the Columbia College Law School this year.

HERBERT SPENCER rests in his wheel-chair at Brighton, where he will take the Winter sunshine. He has lost elasticity, and is on his back most of the time.

THE Pope has refused to allow any ornament to be placed on Liszt's grave beyond an unpainted wooden cross bearing his name and the words, "Orate Pro Nobis."

It is reported that Michael Davitt is soon to be married to Miss Yore, of Oakland, Cal., an orphan, who lives with her aunt, is pretty, twenty years old, highly accomplished, and has \$60,000 in her own right.

ROLLIN M. SQUIRE, the lately deposed Commissioner of Public Works of New York city, has bought a farm at Purdy's Station, where he is now living and supporting himself and family by keeping a dairy.

MRS. WARREN NEWCOMBE, of New York city, has given \$100,000 to the Tulane University, New Orleans, for the purpose of establishing a college for the higher education of white girls and young colored women.

SINCE the Chevreul centennial celebration a great crop of centenarians has sprung up in France, and it is proposed to get a hundred of them together at a public dinner, at which M. Chevreul is to preside.

SARAH BREENHARDT's conquest of the South American people seems to be complete. Among the gifts made to her at a recent benefit performance in Buenos Ayres was the title to ten miles of land in the Argentine Republic.

M. LE DRAIN, a Hebrew scholar, has just published at Paris the first volume of a new translation of the Bible in French. This volume comprises the Book of Judges, the two Books of Samuel and the First Book of Kings. The translations will be complete in nine volumes.

MR. SPURGEON is suffering from rheumatic gout. In speaking at a meeting of Baptist ministers, Mr. Spurgeon said his disease numbed his intellect almost entirely. His thoughts, he said, did not come to him as at other times. He is going to the Continent for several weeks to seek repose.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is said to be a great coffee-drinker, having a little gas-stove of his own upon which, in his sleeping room, he prepares his own cup each morning, being impressed with the idea that nobody in the kingdom can boil coffee quite so deliciously as he can himself.

ADOLPH SUTRO, of tunnel fame, has offered to present each of the 40,000 schoolchildren of San Francisco with a tree to be planted on November 27th, and General Howard has agreed to furnish a tract of land in the Presidio Reservation where they may go on that day and begin the first general tree-planting by the public in California.

MR. GLADSTONE, in response to a request to contribute to a book defining the Liberal programme, says: "My friends forget my years. I hold on to politics in the hope of possibly helping to settle the Irish Question. But general operations of the party and particular subjects I am obliged and intend to leave to the hands of others."

MR. JAMES G. BLAINE's visit to his Alma Mater, Washington and Jefferson College, at Washington, Pa., last week, was one of great pleasure to himself and great gratification to the students and Faculty. In a brief but touching address he gave some reminiscences of his own college life, and urged the students to improve to the utmost all the advantages within their reach.

DR. SCHLIEMANN still finds impediments in the way of his much-looked-forward-to excavations in Crete. He intended to excavate a hill on the site of Cnossus, but the proprietor has lately died and the guardians of his children will not allow any digging unless Dr. Schliemann is willing to buy up all their property—nearly the whole site of Cnossus—for many thousands of dollars.

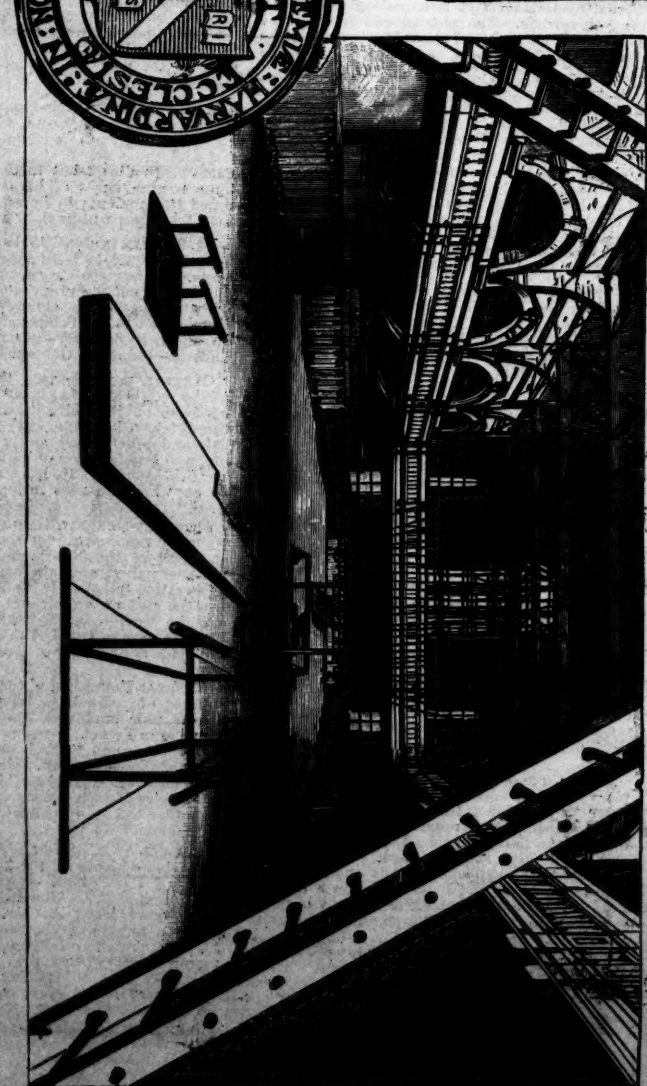
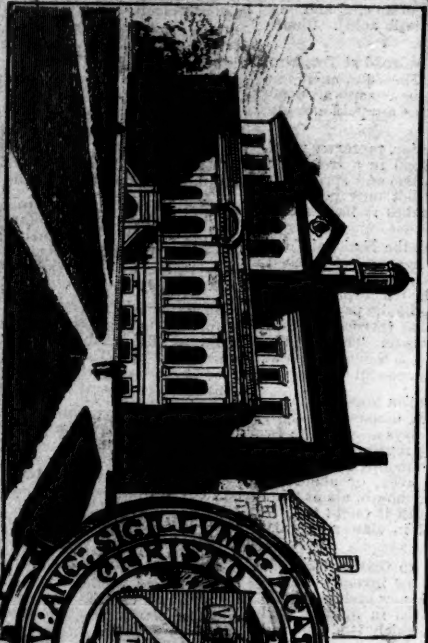
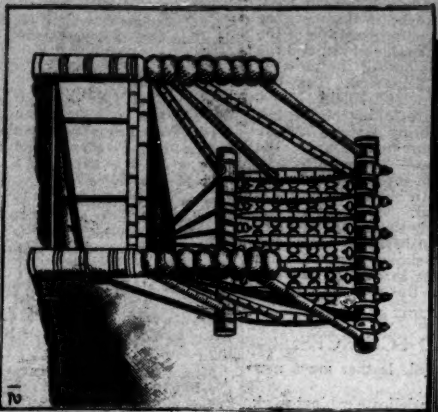
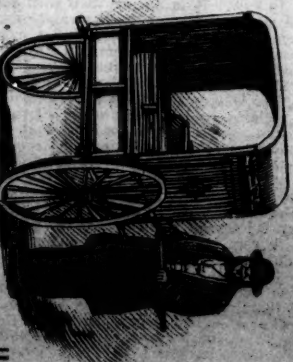
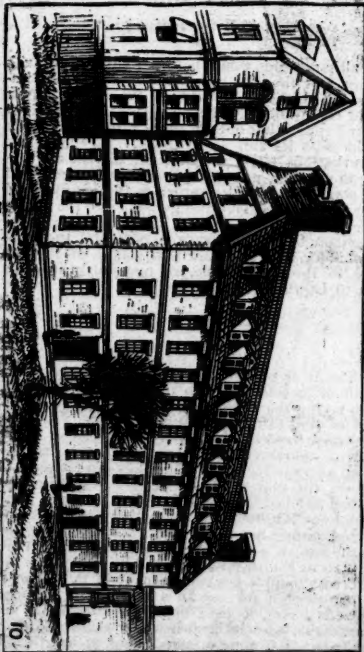
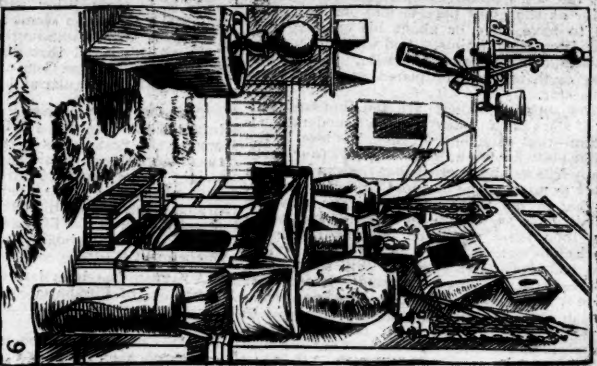
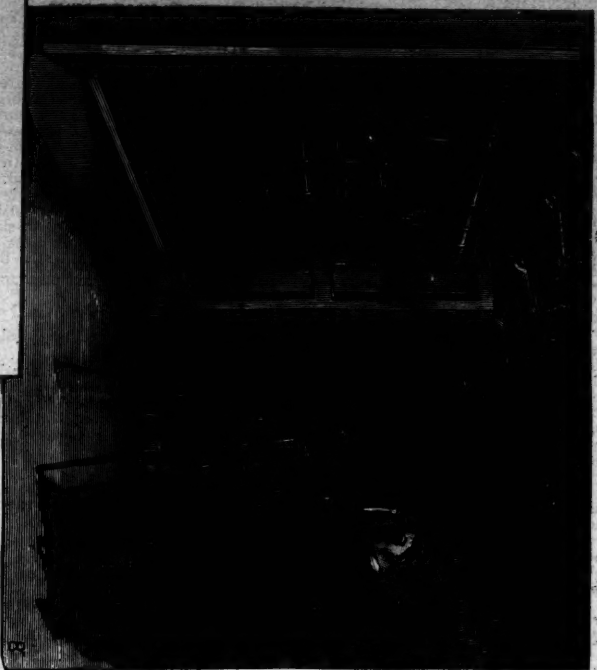
GENERAL VON MOLTKE, the famous German soldier, celebrated the eighty-sixth anniversary of his birth on the 26th ult. He is living in great simplicity on his estate at Creisau, Silesia. He is hale and hearty, rises at six o'clock every morning, and passes much of his time in looking after the field laborers. He has constantly in his hand an ax, which he uses in lopping and trimming trees.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND's manner on the street is represented by the Washington correspondent of the *New York World* as that of a frontiersman visiting the capital with a band of Reservation Indians. It is admitted, nevertheless, that he had an appearance of physical comfort, that he wore a black frock suit, and that his trousers were not tucked in his boots. Prejudice has made any number of people ridiculous before now.

GENERAL KAULBARR, whose efforts in the alleged interest of peace have been so successful that a war is now imminent, is a charming conversationalist in French, writes poetry in German, tells clever stories in English and swears grandly in the mellifluous Italian. He is tall and slender, with the "scholarly stoop" in his shoulders, and has a voice of such melodious sweetness that children turn to him by instinct. At least, that is what his Russian friends say.

CASSELL & Co. of New York are about to issue a "Beecher Calendar" for 1887, and a "Beecher Book of Days," both compiled by Eleanor Kirk and Caroline B. Le Row from the writings of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. The calendar card shows a picture of Mr. Beecher, his early home, his first church in Indiana, and the famous Plymouth Church of Brooklyn. The "Book of Days" is arranged as a Birthday Book, and contains mention of nearly every distinguished man and woman.

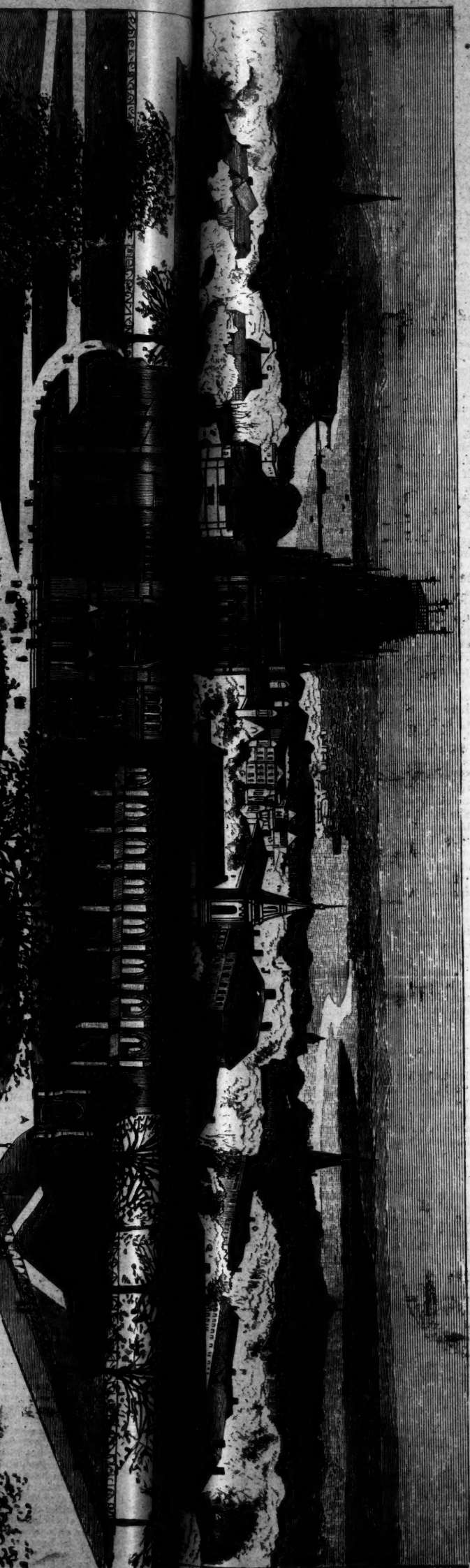
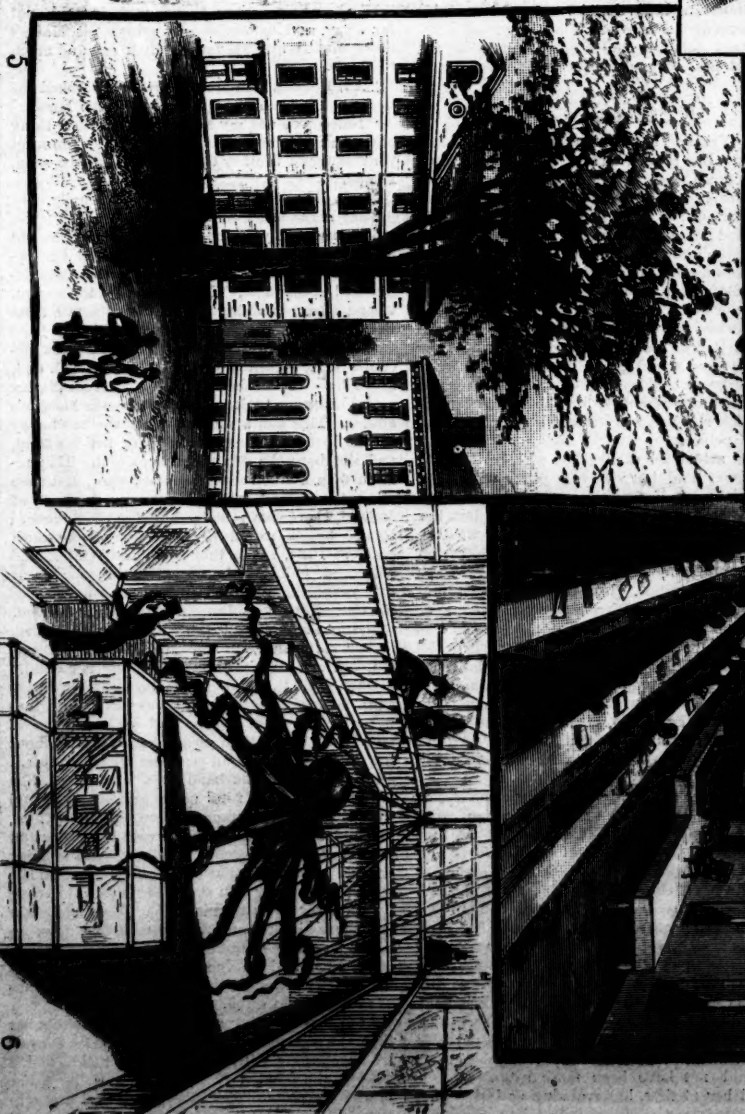
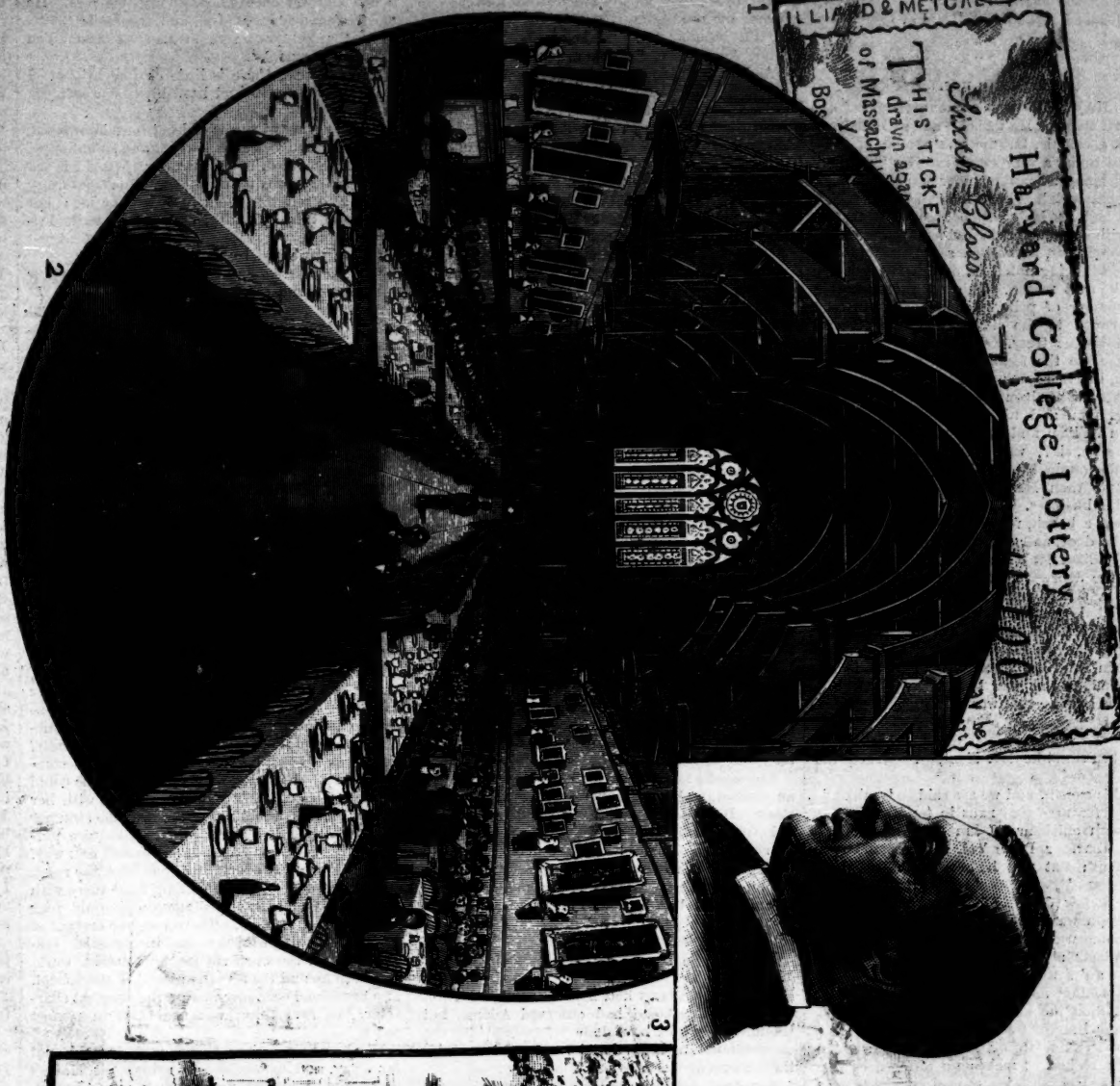
MR. THOMAS D. MERRIGAN, who made a gallant but unsuccessful effort to save an unfortunate suicide, Emma Tschamber, from drowning in the Hudson River, New York, last Wednesday, is a student of the New York University Medical College. He is but twenty-one years of age, and was the recipient of the Mott medal at the last commencement. Young Merrigan was in the water nearly fifty minutes, and supported the young woman during all that time; but she had been struck by the wheel of the ferryboat from which she leaped, and life was extinct when she was finally taken on board.

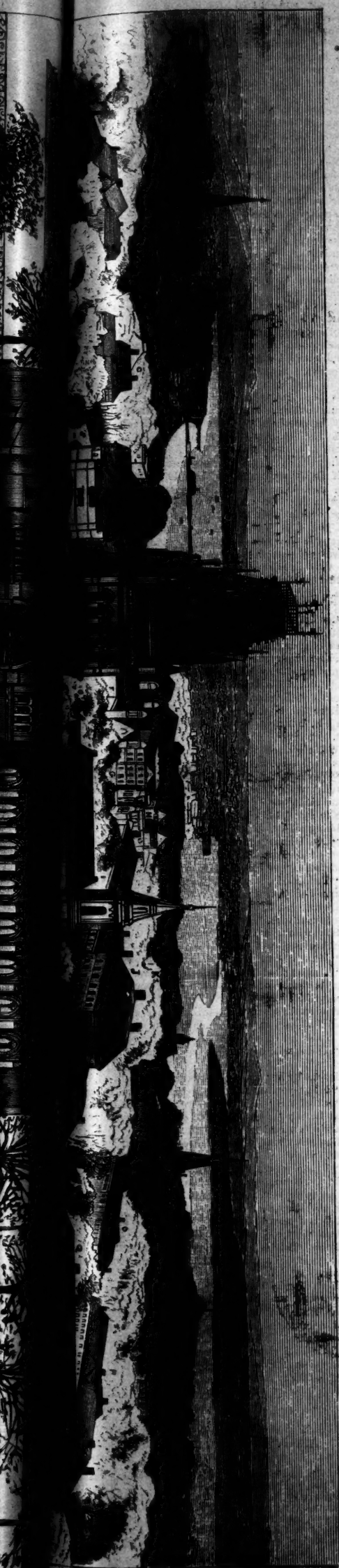
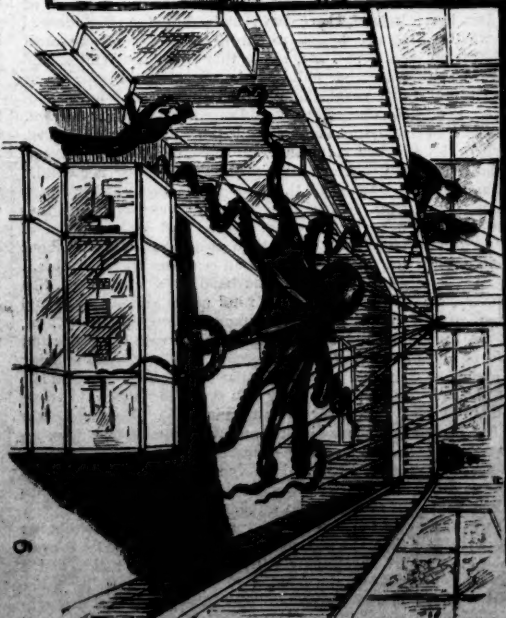
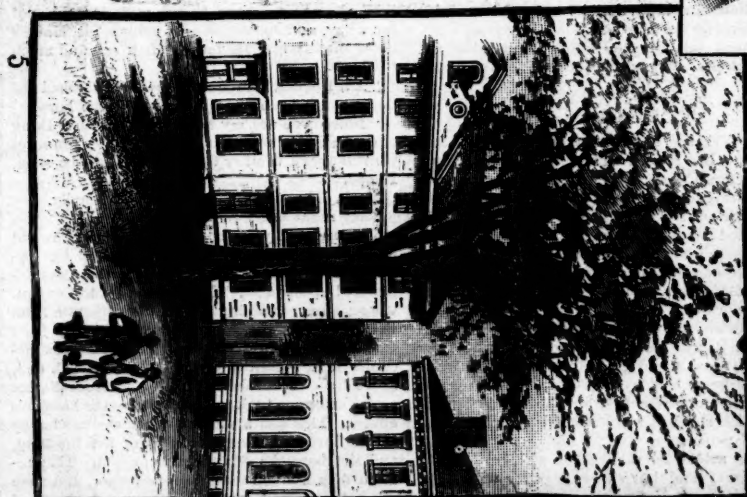
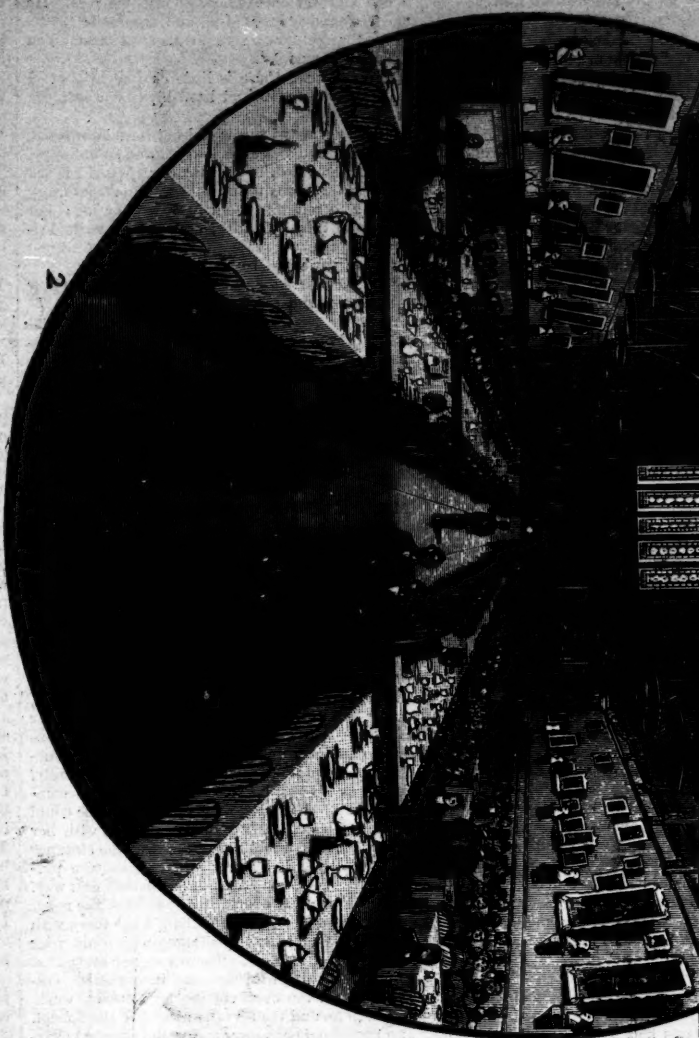


1. ANCIENT DOCUMENT. 2. MERCHANT DOING HALL. 3. PRESIDENT ELLIOT. 4. EXAMINATION ROOM, MASSACHUSETTS HALL. 5. CLASS-DAY TREE. 6. THE SINGING ROOM. 7. HARVARD YARD, SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS. 8. A CORNER OF THE LABORATORY.

MASSACHUSETTS.—TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, AT CAMBRIDGE, THE OLDEST INSTITUTION OF LEARNING IN THE UNITED STATES. VIEWS OF THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS, WITH A PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELLIOT.

FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS.—SEE PAGE 184.





THE KENTS: Their Follies and Their Fortunes.

By HENRY T. STANTON,

Author of "Jacob Brown," "The Moneyless Man,"
"Self-sacrifice," "Fallen," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOHN HAWKINS was a mountaineer of the rudest stamp. He was old, and as Mr. Mason said, a cripple, but he was a man of good sense, and under a very rough exterior had qualities that many a man of finer appearance has lacked. His back had been injured by the falling of a tree, and his body was bent over, so that he walked with a stoop that looked as if it were painful. Nevertheless, he worked a little and hunted a great deal, being noted as one of the best still hunters in that region. This was well indicated by the number of pelts of deer and other wild animals nailed to the sides of his cabin and upon contiguous trees. He and his wife and Jake comprised the family. The cabin had but one room, but there was a shuttlen and a long shed covered with riven boards near the house.

The old man and his wife were both at the door when William and Jake came up. "Hi are ye, sir?" was his salutation. "How do you do, Mr. Hawkins?" was the return speech, and then Hawkins waited for William to open his business.

There was a bench, formed of a puncheon, just outside the door, and without waiting for an invitation, William took a seat. The old man sat down in the doorway. His wife stood over him, and kept a steady gaze upon the visitor, while Jake squatted upon the grass and held up his half-dollar for his father's inspection.

"I have come to inquire about the man who was hurt in the river several days ago, and who, I understand, was at your house."

"Well, I thought that was 'it," observed Mrs. Hawkins.

"So did I," said Jake.

"You ben't unlike Mr. Kent," remarked the old man.

"I am his cousin, and we are said to be alike." "That is features that runs in families, just as they ar' with chickens. I kin tell my breed up chickens wherever I see 'em, an' I know'd you wuz a Kent; but you h'ain't bin about here long, hev you?"

"Only a few days. I came two days after Mr. Anderson was hurt in the river."

"His name wuz Anderson, wuz it? I thought he said Adams at first, but he afterwards said Anderson, an' I tuck a notion he might a-lied." William smiled more at the correctness of his judgment than the plainness of his speech.

"He calls himself George Anderson. At least, he gave that name to Mr. Mason."

"Well, I reckon it makes no difference what name a man goes by, jes' so he's all right, but I wasn't shore he talked square. He cum down to the end of my field whar I wuz strippin' blades one mornin', jest after light, an' he wuz the wurst tore up man I ever seed. His hed wuz cut an' his ribs wuz broke, an' he wuz bloody, as if a buck hed horn'd him. He didn't seem to have no use of himself, an' couldn't tell nothin'. I hed to git the slide an' haul him up here. Mandy washed the blood off'n him, an' put plantin'-leaves on the cut, an' gin' him some apple brandy, an' he got easy like, an' sed he wuz hungry. He et a powerful site fur a haf-ded man, an' when I asked his name he sed Adams, an' Mandy heard it, an' Jake heard it, an' he sed it agin when I askt him agin. He lay here three days—we gin up our bed to him, an' me an' Mandy sleep on the floor, an' Jake sleep in the shuttlen. Mandy nus'd him like a baby, an' when we foun' his ribs wuz broke we wuz goin' to send to Millville fur a doctor; but he sed he didn't want no doctor, that he would git wel withouten help uv that kind; an' he did git up an' walk aroun', an' then he sed his name wuz Anderson. He tole Jake to hunt for his saddle-bags, an' find his critter, an' he would gin him fifty dollars; an' Jake tole him he hed heered his critter wuz at Mason's. Jake tuck him twice on the other side to hunt fur his saddle-bags, an' one evenin' tuck him down to Kent's place, an' he went off an' wuz gone a hour or more, an' when he cum back looked wuz than ever. Jake sed he saw him go up to the house, an' then cum runnin' back through the bresh, like he hed seed a ghost. Then Mrs. Kent's brother, he cum down on homback, an' he tole Jake to keep still an' run the dugout under the bank. That's what made me think you wanted to know about him. I reckon'd you must ha' seen him afore, er some uv your folks has."

William got it all in this narration. Adams had come to see Laura, and he had seen Armstead. It must have been that he did not know Armstead was alive, or, at least, did not know he was here. He was more than paid for his visit to old John Hawkins.

"I tuck him to the ford," said Jake, "an' he tole me to go back an' look fur his saddle-pockets. He gin me a dollar, an' he gin mammy five dollars in gold. He wa'n't stingy, nohow."

William was sorry he said this, but it did not deter him from what he intended to do, for he gave each a bright, shining gold piece, and told Jake to come and see him at the Kent place and he would do something better than that for him.

"Well, I'll be enaked if you ain't the boss rascoun in these parts! I'll come, sartain."

Old John and his wife expressed their thanks for his kindness in their homely way. They saw no harm in taking a free gift from a man who was able to offer it, and they would have divided their last meal with any stranger without an idea of compensation. They were types of a class of people who still live in remote parts of Southwestern Virginia, and whose rude surface is underlain with sympathy and generosity.

Jake took him back to the place where his impatient horse neighed and stamped the ground in recognition of his return, and in longing to get back to his comfortable stall and his provender.

He bade Jake good-by, and told him not to forget his promise to come to the Kent place.

"I'll be thar," said Jake, as he pushed the canoe from shore, "or you may count me dead."

As William rode away, in spite of the sad discovery he had made and the fruitful source of thought, he said to himself, "I suppose it's a great distinction in these parts to be called 'the boss rascoun,'" and he was rather proud of it.

They were surprised at his early return, but much gratified, in view of the absence of George and the comparative loneliness of the house.

Long after Laura had retired for the night he sat smoking with Armstead, and talking over his early experiences with Adams.

"You have never seen him since your return from exile?" said William.

"No; and I never will if I can help it, unless at a hemp matinee where he does the dancing on nothing. I don't know what I would do if I came upon him suddenly in an open road. I believe one or the other of us would go under, and very likely it would be me, as I am not a giant, and my recollection is that he was a bundle of muscles and sinews."

"Do you remember riding down to the river about a week ago?"

"Not particularly. I ride in that direction about as often as in any other. Why?"

"I thought you might possibly have seen some person trying to get out of your way."

"Why, sure enough; I remember, very well that when I left the porch to mount my horse—I think it was last Monday—some person with a red handkerchief about his head ran into the bushes just to the left of the road. I inquired of the boy that held my horse who it was, and he said it must have been one of the new negroes. I supposed it was, for a darkey like a red handkerchief. How came you to know of that circumstance, and why do you ask about it?"

"Oh, nothing particular, Armstead, only that man was Gilbert Adams."

Armstead's face turned pale. He was grave in an instant, and almost speechless with astonishment. He looked at William in a dazed way, as if he thought there might be some mere attempt to see what influence such a declaration would have upon him; but William's face was as grave as his own, and there was no mistaking his meaning. At last he found words to say:

"Escaped from the flood?"

"Yes, and has left the neighborhood."

He then told him all he had learned from Mr. Mason and the Hawkins family, explaining how he knew that Adams had seen him. He did not know that Armstead had observed Adams, but thought he might have done so, and recalled the circumstance in hope that he had, and to verify the statement made by old John Hawkins.

Armstead was cautioned not to mention the matter at present, and they retired for the night.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was Friday afternoon, and Marie had dismissed her school. The last child had gone romping down the pathway to the open road, and, with utensils for writing, she had seated herself to again pour out her heart to Madame Jouvot. This constituted her greatest and only pleasure outside of that which comes of doing the noble work in which she was engaged. Oftentimes, at the close of her day's employment, she would take long walks up or down the creek, and sometimes upon the mountain-paths; but always on Friday she began a letter to the only friend upon whom she could rely, and would generally conclude it upon the Saturday or Sunday following. It had become a religious duty with her, for the sense of gratitude which she had was greater than in the majority of persons.

As she sat at the small table, with her back to the doorway and her sheet of paper where the light from a window on the south side could fall upon it, her face could not be seen; but her slight, graceful figure, with the mass of waving, dark-brown hair, part of which had escaped from the coil and was flowing at her shoulder, gave her a girlish appearance. Her dress, of dark material, fitted neatly. Her head was raised, and, with pen held to her lips, unemployed, she was looking out upon the mountain-sides where the foliage was already browning for the Autumn. Her mind had gone off for the moment, and the letter was forgotten, when a shadow darkened the doorway and a light step was heard behind her.

"Not yet, my boy," she said, without turning. "You may sweep to-morrow. I will close the schoolroom."

There was no answer, but the steps came closer, and she turned suddenly in her chair, then arose to her feet and fronted William Kent. At first she did not recognize him, but his tall form and his familiar features at last filled her eyes, and without a word she fell into his extended arms. She clasped him closely, as she had done of old, and with both arms about his neck, and her head upon his bosom, sobbed convulsively, while her slight frame shook like an aspen. Hot tears were in William Kent's eyes, and they flowed silently down his cheeks until they fell upon her hair. He dared not trust his voice, and for several moments neither spoke. It was an indescribable meeting. Had her cousin risen from the grave, she could not have been more astonished. It shocked her at first, but realizing at last that it was indeed he who stood before her, there was but one impulse, and she gave way to it.

"Marie, my darling, I thank God that He has given you back to me at last!"

"Oh, Cousin Will, it has been so long, so long; but I knew you would come some day. I knew you had not gone from me for ever!"

Her head was still upon his breast, her arms about his neck, and the tears came afresh to both their eyes.

Marie finally relaxed her arms, and, with red-gloved and wet cheeks, looked into his face. He had changed a great deal, and she said:

"I thought you were brother, at first. You are both changed."

"But, Marie, there is little change in you. I rejoice that sorrows and hardships have left you as you are."

"Two years ago you would not have known me, Cousin Will. I was such a wreck and so unhappy. I would have died, but for my boy. When I heard your step I thought it was his. He comes every evening to put this room in order for me; but he knows this is Friday, and that I write Friday evenings."

"Yes; you write to Madame Jouvot."

"Ah, you have seen her, and that explains how you have found me."

An hour passed—a sacred, tender and tearful hour. The sun turned down behind the mountains, and the gloaming was in the valley.

"Mother!" and her boy stopped suddenly in the doorway, for he saw that she was not alone.

She did not answer. She had to determine how she would introduce him. She did not like to call his name; but before her thoughts were fully collected William spoke:

"Come, Gilbert, we are old acquaintances. I think you will remember my face."

It was so nearly dark in the room that the child could not see distinctly, and they walked to the door.

"Yes, sir. You are the gentleman who asked me the way to the ford."

He said this slowly, after a close scrutiny of William's features. William extended his hand, and the boy took it.

"I am your cousin, William Kent."

The boy knew that George Kent was his uncle, but he had never spoken with him, and his mother had cautioned him not to mention the relationship to any person. He had obeyed this injunction, as he did all others from her, dutifully. Young as he was, he had been her closest companion, and she had spoken as freely as she could with him upon many points connected with her history. He had told her of meeting the stranger at Mason's Ford, but she did not inquire particularly of him, as many persons passed that way.

Their home was only a few rods from the road, on the opposite side, and William went there with them. It was a small cottage, with only four rooms and a kitchen. There was one servant, a young white girl, who provided their meals. Gilbert did all the wood-cutting and outside work, and both he and the servant attended the school. The household economy was of the simplest character, but everything was neat and in perfect order.

His horse was taken to the miller's stable not far away, and he decided to remain at Marie's home that night. He had much to say and much to hear.

"Am I to call him Cousin William?" asked the boy, upon his return from caring for the horse.

"Indeed you are, my boy—I will hear to nothing else; and you are to say 'Uncle' when you meet your mother's brother George—that will be soon, I hope."

Marie did not interfere, but sighed heavily.

That night she told her story.

The first two years of her married life were not unhappy. Adams was kind to her, and she believed he loved her, but in all respects he was living and acting a lie. They went first to London, where, after remaining a week to recuperate from the long voyage, Adams produced a letter from George saying he had married suddenly on account of the death of Laura's father—which fact, as we have seen, Adams had learned from Mercer—and had gone back to America to settle his wife's affairs. This was a sad blow, but she was happy in the love and companionship of her husband, and she bore the disappointment well. They remained in London several weeks longer, and then went to a small island on the north coast of Ireland, where they remained during the Summer; thence, by sea, to another small island off the south coast of Italy, where they spent the Winter, and where her child was born. After that, for nearly two years, they traveled in all the countries of Europe. They passed rapidly from point to point, sometimes moving unexpectedly to her, and much to her annoyance, for she had but one servant, and did not always think it best for her child.

During all this time Adams brought her letters from George, postmarked always at points that were beyond their reach, and giving plans of travel with which their own did not agree. About the close of the second year she began to obtain some idea of her husband's real character. She found that he was fond of the gaming-table, and that large sums of money were wasted by him. She did not know that he had sold her estate and that they had consumed so much, until one day he told her rudely that he had little left, and she must retrench her own expenses. From that time forward her life was miserable. They had again left the mainland and were established upon an island in the Mediterranean. He was away much of the time, and finally abandoned her there. He had written occasionally, and sent her small sums of money, upon which she lived meagrely.

At last there came a letter in which he told her that she was not his wife. It inclosed a copy of his marriage certificate with Laura Felice, and a copy of the London Times containing the notice of the marriage. The letter was brutal throughout. It dwelt upon the circumstance that Laura Felice had married her brother, and her brother knew she was his, Adams's, wife, and for that reason had fled from them. She fell sick from this, and for months was in a wretched, destitute condition. She had parted with almost everything she had—even the little furniture with which

her home was supplied. She was in a foreign country, thousands of miles from the land of her nativity, and she had little hope of ever returning there. She wrote time and again to William, not knowing he had left Bayou de Gras, and of course received no answers. Her mind was almost over-taken, more upon account of her child than upon her own. She called him Gilbert for her husband, but the name grew hateful to her, and she tried to change it to William, but he was two years old, could talk a little, and insisted that he was "named for papa." She yielded to him, and the name had not been changed.

One day, among the scant relics of her girlhood, upon which she had placed only a sentimental value, she found a brooch which she had sometimes worn, but which, having been inherited from her mother, was old-fashioned, and she thought inappropriate for her adornment. It contained diamonds and some other stones that made it gaudy and she had laid it aside and quite forgotten it.

"I remember it well," said William. "Aunt Julia wore it upon great occasions, and it was of much value."

"So I found," said Marie. "I did not like to part with it, but there was no alternative, and my mother would have sanctioned its sale for the good it did me. Oh, Cousin Will, that forgotten bauble saved our lives and brought us back to America. Adams had left me in that lone place to die and be unheard of by my friends. I did not know its value—I never dreamed it would bring so much; but a kind old man who had been in the American service as master of a vessel, and who had, many a time, saved me and my child from absolute hunger, took it and ascertained its value. He supplied all our wants, and went himself to Constantinople and sold it. He brought me back so much, that I could scarcely realize it was mine. After that, I was sick of fever for many weeks. My hair, that you admired so, was all gone. It is returned now. As soon as I had strength to do so, I went to England, and from Liverpool engaged passage to New Orleans. I lost no time in Europe, and went valled everywhere. I had no servant, but my boy was not much trouble to me. I had a little money left upon arriving at New Orleans, and I went to the St. Charles. A flood of recollections came upon me, and I cried bitterly for several days. I could not bear the idea of going back to you with my miserable experience and with the wrecked appearance which I presented—my health gone, my youth broken and my child—Oh, Cousin William, I had never been lawfully married."

Here she began crying bitterly, and buried her face in her arms upon the table near which she sat.

William arose from his chair, lifted her arms from the table and her to her feet, and said:

"Marie, you need not hide your face—you may stand proudly, for there is no shame upon you or your child."

She stood, but clasped her arms about his neck, sobbing still.

"Oh, I knew you would say that—I knew how your great heart would feel for me in my disgrace, and that is why I went back to find you."

"But, Marie, it is not from mere sympathy that I speak—it is God's glorious truth—you were lawfully married to Gilbert Adams, and you are now his lawful wife."

She sprang up as if an electric shock had stricken her, and said, almost wildly:

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that Laura Felice was never his wife, nor the wife of any person save your brother George."

She sank, almost helpless, to her chair, and stared at him in wonderment; then said, almost in a whisper:

"I do not comprehend. He sent me the proof."

He sat by her, and taking both her hands, said: "What you do not comprehend, Marie, is the extent of his villainy; but you may believe me that he is your husband, and that when you were married he had no other wife."

She sat silent, with her eyes steadfastly upon him. He continued, gently:

"I have proofs that will satisfy you, and I will take you home, Marie—home to your brother, home to his sweet wife, and home to me. I have waited for the time when I could do so—I have learned all that I care to know, and it shall be a blessed reunion between you and George."

Marie could hear no more. Her overstrained nature gave way, and she fell fainting from the chair.

It was far in the night. Gilbert had been asleep for hours, and the girl had retired soon after tea. He called neither of them, but laying her flat upon the floor in order that the blood might flow back to her brain, he shocked her system with a little cold water dashed in her face, and in a short time she was restored; and bidding her good-night, he left her.

(To be continued.)

THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

DURING the coming week our oldest university will celebrate its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Numbers of distinguished visitors from all parts of the country, as well as representatives from the great universities abroad, will be present to do honor to an institution which, from a small beginning, has become the leading educational centre of America.

Harvard University was founded in 1636. At that time the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay voted to give £400 for the endowment of a college. It is not at all certain that the appropriation by the Government was ever paid; but it nevertheless gave both stimulus and direction to private munificence. In 1638, Rev. John Harvard, a graduate of Cambridge, England, died

THE KENTS: Their Follies and Their Fortunes.

By HENRY T. STANTON,

Author of "Jacob Brown," "The Moneyless Man,"
"Self-sacrifice," "Fallen," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOHN HAWKINS was a mountaineer of the rudest stamp. He was old, and as Mr. Mason said, a cripple, but he was a man of good sense, and under a very rough exterior had qualities that many a man of finer appearance has lacked. His back had been injured by the falling of a tree, and his body was bent over, so that he walked with a stoop that looked as if it were painful. Nevertheless, he worked a little and hunted a great deal, being noted as one of the best still hunters in that region. This was well indicated by the number of pelts of deer and other wild animals nailed to the sides of his cabin and upon contiguous trees. He and his wife and Jake comprised the family. The cabin had but one room, but there was a shut-up pen and a long shed covered with riven boards near the house. The old man and his wife were both at the door when William and Jake came up.

"Hi are ye, sir?" was his salutation.
"How do you do, Mr. Hawkins?" was the return speech, and then Hawkins waited for William to open his business.
There was a bench, formed of a puncheon, just outside the door, and without waiting for an invitation, William took a seat. The old man sat down in the doorway. His wife stood over him, and kept a steady gaze upon the visitor, while Jake squatted upon the grass and held up his half-dollar for his father's inspection.

"I have come to inquire about the man who was hurt in the river several days ago, and who, I understand, was at your house."

"Well, I thought that was 'h't," observed Mrs. Hawkins.

"So do I," said Jake.

"You ben't unlike Mr. Kent," remarked the old man.

"I am his cousin, and we are said to be alike."

"Thar is features that runs in families, just as they ar' with chickens. I kin tell my breed uv chickens wherever I see 'em, an' I know'd you wuz a Kent; but you hain't bin about here long, hev you?"

"Only a few days. I came two days after Mr. Anderson was hurt in the river."

"His name wuz Anderson, wuz it? I thought he said Adams at first, but he afterwards said Anderson, an' I tuck a notion he might a-lied."

William smiled more at the correctness of his judgment than the plainness of his speech.

"He calls himself George Anderson. At least, he gave that name to Mr. Mason."

"Well, I reckon it makes no difference what name a man goes by, jes' so he's all right, but I wasn't shore he talked square. He cum down to the end of my field whar I wuz strippin' blades one mornin', jest after light, an' he wuz the wurst tore up man I ever seed. His hed wuz cut an' his ribs wuz broke, an' he wuz bloody, as if a buck hed horn'd him. He didn't seem to have no use of hisself, an' couldn't tell nothin'. I hed to git the slide an' haul him up here. Mandy washed the blood off'n him, an' put plantin'-leaves on the cut, an' gin' him some apple brandy, an' he got easy like, an' sed he wuz hungry. He et a powerful site fur a haf-ded man, an' when I asked his name he sed Adams, an' Mandy heard it, an' Jake heard it, an' he sed it agin when I sakt him agin. He lay here three days—we gin up our bed to him, an' me an' Mandy slep on the floor, an' Jake slep in the shut-up pen. Mandy nuss'd him like a baby, an' when we foun' his ribs wuz broke we wuz goin' to send to Millville fur a doctur; but he sed he didn't want no doctur, that he would git wel withouten help uv that kind; an' he did git up an' walk aroun', an' then he sed his name wuz Anderson. He tole Jake to hunt for his saddle-bags, an' find his critter, an' he would gin him fifty dollars; an' Jake tole him he hed heered his critter wuz at Mason's. Jake tuck him twice on the other side to hunt fur his saddle-bags, an' one evenin' tuck him down to Kent's place, an' he went off an' wuz gone a hour or more, an' when he cum back looked worse than ever. Jake sed he saw him go up to the house, an' then cum runnin' back through the break, like he hed seed a ghost. Then Mrs. Kent's brother, he cum down on horseback, an' he tole Jake to keep still an' run the dugout under the bank. That's what made me think you wanted to know about him. I reckon'd you must ha' seen him afore, or some uv your folks has."

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He said this slowly, after a close scrutiny of William's features. William extended his hand, and the boy took it.

"I am your cousin, William Kent."

The boy knew that George Kent was his uncle, but he had never spoken with him, and his mother had cautioned him not to mention the relationship to any person. He had obeyed this injunction, as he did all others from her; dutifully. Young as he was, he had been her closest companion, and she had spoken as freely as she could with him upon many points connected with her history. He had told her of meeting the stranger at Mason's Ford, but she did not inquire particularly of him, as many persons passed that way.

Their home was only a few rods from the road, on the opposite side, and William went there with them. It was a small cottage, with only four rooms and a kitchen. There was one servant, a young white girl, who provided their meals. Gilbert did all the wood-cutting and outside work, and both he and the servant attended the school. The household economy was of the simplest character, but everything was neat and in perfect order.

His horse was taken to the miller's stable not far away, and he decided to remain at Marie's home that night. He had much to say and much to hear.

"Am I to call him Cousin William?" asked the boy, upon his return from caring for the horse.

"Indeed you are, my boy—I will hear to nothing else; and you are to say 'Uncle' when you meet your mother's brother George—that will be soon, I hope."

Marie did not interfere, but sighed heavily.

That night she told her story.

The first two years of her married life were not unhappy. Adams was kind to her, and she believed he loved her, but in all respects he was living and acting a lie. They went first to London, where, after remaining a week to recuperate from the long voyage, Adams produced a letter from George saying he had married suddenly on account of the death of Laura's father—which fact, as we have seen, Adams had learned from Mercer—and had gone back to America to settle his wife's affairs. This was a sad blow, but she was happy in the love and companionship of her husband, and she bore the disappointment well. They remained in London several weeks longer, and then went to a small island on the north coast of Ireland, where they remained during the Summer; thence, by sea, to another small isle off the south coast of Italy, where they spent the Winter, and where her child was born. After that, for nearly two years, they traveled in all the countries of Europe. They passed rapidly from point to point, sometimes moving unexpectedly to her, and much to her annoyance, for she had but one servant, and did not always think it best for her child.

During all this time Adams brought her letters from George, postmarked always at points that were beyond their reach, and giving plans of travel with which their own did not agree. About the close of the second year she began to obtain some idea of her husband's real character. She found that he was fond of the gaming-table, and that large sums of money were wasted by him. She did not know that he had sold her estate and that they had consumed so much, until one day he told her rudely that he had little left, and she must retrench her own expenses. From that time forward her life was miserable. They had again left the mainland and were established upon an island in the Mediterranean. He was away much of the time, and finally abandoned her there. He had written occasionally, and sent her small sums of money, upon which she lived meagrely.

At last there came a letter in which he told her that she was now his wife. It inclosed a copy of his marriage certificate with Laura Felice, and a copy of the London Times containing the notice of the marriage. The letter was brutal throughout. It dwelt upon the circumstance that Laura Felice had married her brother, and her brother knew she was his, Adams's, wife, and for that reason had fled from them. She fell sick from this, and for months was in a wretched, destitute condition. She had parted with almost everything she had—even the little furniture with which

her home was supplied. She was in a foreign country, thousands of miles from the land of her nativity, and she had little hope of ever returning there. She wrote time and again to William, not knowing he had left Bayou de Grus, and of course received no answers. Her mind was almost overthrown, more upon account of her child than upon her own. She called him Gilbert for her husband, but the name grew hateful to her, and she tried to change it to William, but he was two years old, could talk a little, and insisted that he was "named for papa." She yielded to him, and the name had not been changed.

One day, among the scant relics of her girlhood, upon which she had placed only a sentimental value, she found a brooch which she had sometimes worn, but which, having been inherited from her mother, was old-fashioned, and she thought inappropriate for her adornment. It contained diamonds and some other stones that made it gaudy and she had laid it aside and quite forgotten it.

"I remember it well," said William. "Aunt Julia wore it upon great occasions, and it was of much value."

"So I found," said Marie. "I did not like to part with it, but there was no alternative, and my mother would have sanctioned its sale for the good it did me. Oh, Cousin Will, that forgotten bauble saved our lives and brought us back to America. Adams had left me in that lone place to die and be unheard of by my friends. I did not know its value—I never dreamed it would bring so much; but a kind old man who had been in the American service as master of a vessel, and who had, many a time, saved me and my child from absolute hunger, took it and ascertained its value. He supplied all our wants, and went himself to Constantinople and sold it. He brought me back so much, that I could scarcely realize it was mine. After that, I was sick of fever for many weeks. My hair, that you admired so, was all gone. It is returned now. As soon as I had strength to do so, I went to England, and from Liverpool engaged passage to New Orleans. I lost no time in Europe, and went veiled everywhere. I had no servant, but my boy was not much trouble to me. I had a little money left upon arriving at New Orleans, and I went to the St. Charles. A flood of recollections came upon me, and I cried bitterly for several days. I could not bear the idea of going back to you with my miserable experience and with the wrecked appearance which I presented—my health gone, my youth broken and my child—Oh, Cousin William, I had never been lawfully married."

Here she began crying bitterly, and buried her face in her arms upon the table near which she sat.

William arose from his chair, lifted her arms from the table and her to her feet, and said:

"Marie, you need not hide your face—you may stand proudly, for there is no shame upon you or your child."

She stood, but clasped her arms about his neck, sobbing still.

"Oh, I knew you would say that—I knew how your great heart would feel for me in my disgrace, and that is why I went back to find you."

"But, Marie, it is not from mere sympathy that I speak—it is God's glorious truth—you were lawfully married to Gilbert Adams, and you are now his lawful wife."

She sprang up as if an electric shock had stricken her, and said, almost wildly:

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that Laura Felice was never his wife, nor the wife of any person save your brother George."

She sank, almost helpless, to her chair, and stared at him in wonderment; then said, almost in a whisper:

"I do not comprehend. He sent me the proofs."

He sat by her, and taking both her hands, said:

"What you do not comprehend, Marie, is the extent of his villainy; but you may believe me that he is your husband, and that when you were married he had no other wife."

She sat silent, with her eyes steadfastly upon him. He continued, gently:

"I have proofs that will satisfy you, and I will take you home, Marie—home to your brother, home to his sweet wife, and home to me. I have waited for the time when I could do so—I have learned all that I care to know, and it shall be a blessed reunion between you and George."

Marie could hear no more. Her overstrained nature gave way, and she fell fainting from the chair.

It was far in the night. Gilbert had been asleep for hours, and the girl had retired soon after tea. He called neither of them, but laying her flat upon the floor in order that the blood might flow back to her brain, he shocked her system with a little cold water dashed in her face, and in a short time she was restored; and bidding her good-night, he left her.

(To be continued.)

THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

DURING the coming week our oldest university will celebrate its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Numbers of distinguished visitors from all parts of the country, as well as representatives from the great universities abroad, will be present to do honor to an institution which, from a small beginning, has become the leading educational centre of America.

Harvard University was founded in 1636. At that time the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay voted to give £400 for the endowment of a college. It is not at all certain that the appropriation by the Government was ever paid; but it nevertheless gave both stimulus and direction to private munificence. In 1638, Rev. John Harvard, a graduate of Cambridge, England, died

in Charleston, leaving to the college just coming into being his entire library and one-half of his estate. This legacy, which amounted to about £700, exceeded the aggregate of all other donations; and, in grateful remembrance of its benefactor, the college was called by his name. In 1640, Rev. Henry Dunster became President of the college, which from that time may be regarded as a literary institution, organized and conducted with the purpose of meeting the reasonable demands of the community and the age.

The early presidents of the college were men of great learning for their time; the range of studies was limited, the number of students small (for the first fifty years seldom exceeding twenty), and there was no permanent professor or tutor until the close of the century. The prescribed course of study included the best known Latin and Greek authors, more Hebrew than is now learned at our divinity schools, Logic and Philosophy as then taught in the English universities, the elements of Mathematics, and, above all, the Holy Scriptures and Christian Theology as understood by the New England Churches. The first tutor was Henry Flynt, appointed in 1699, who remained in office for fifty-five years. The first professor was Edward Wigglesworth, who, in 1721, was appointed Professor of Divinity with the ample income of £40 a year.

Harvard's era of active and incessant progress began with the presidency of Dr. Kirkland, in 1810. Since that time its professors have shown a spirit of literary and scientific energy and enterprise, its students a high ambition, and the public a generosity which have enabled the university to keep abreast with the thought and learning of its time.

In 1869, Charles William Eliot was elected President, and has filled the executive chair since that time. The government of the college may be briefly described as follows: The Corporation, consisting of the President, Fellows and Treasurer, and the Board of Overseers, are the governing powers of the university, which includes the following departments: Harvard College, the Divinity School, the Law School, the Medical School, the Dental School, the Lawrence Scientific School, the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the Bussey Institution (a school of agriculture), the College Library and the Astronomical Observatory.

The whole number upon whom degrees have been conferred by Harvard University before 1880 was 14,063; the total number of graduates of the university as a whole up to 1886 has been 14,420. In 1846 the total number of students in the university was 611; in 1886 it had increased to 1,662. That is to say, in forty years the number of students in the whole university has considerably more than doubled itself.

With regard to the elective system, which has of late been so largely discussed, two observations should be made. First, the elective system is not an abandonment of system. It allows every student to choose the subjects of his study; but the amount of his work is prescribed, and its quality tested by means of examinations, essays, laboratory work, and personal intercourse between teacher and student. In the second place, election of studies by the individual student, or selection for him, is absolutely necessary; for no single student can take, in four years, more than a small fraction of the instruction given at Cambridge in the liberal arts, since over two hundred different courses are offered.

With the advance of the elective system in studies has come greater liberality in religious observance. When the college was founded, strict attendance at religious exercises was an important feature of the curriculum; nearly as important, in fact, as attention to secular studies. This has gradually accommodated itself to the spirit of the times, though not until recently has any radical change taken place. Evening prayers were the first to be discarded; next, morning prayers were held at a later hour; attendance at church was a few years ago made voluntary; and now, when the college is about to celebrate its two hundred and fiftieth birthday, attendance at prayers has also ceased to be compulsory, and the student is as much his own master in regard to devotional exercises as any citizen of the United States. In spite of the great opposition to these changes, they have proved satisfactory even to those who argued most loudly against them. The latest and boldest departure, namely, the voluntary prayer system, has proved a success; for the attendance at chapel is now as great as, if not greater than, that under the old régime. On the average, six hundred students now attend morning prayers daily. Moreover, the attendance at the Sabbath services, which are conducted in turn by members of the Board of Clergymen recently appointed Preachers to the university, is gratifying in the extreme.

And now, supposing the reader to be tolerably acquainted with the general history and the internal workings of the university, let us glance at its buildings and its grounds. For this purpose the most convenient starting-point will be the main gate at the west side of the "yard," as the grounds lying between Broadway and Cambridge Street on the north, Quincy Street on the east, Harvard Street on the south, and North Avenue on the west, are familiarly called. On the right, as one enters the gate, stands Massachusetts Hall, the oldest of the college buildings now remaining. It was erected in 1718, and was used as a dormitory until 1870, since which time, being considered unsafe for that purpose, its rooms have been used for purposes of examination and recitation. At the beginning of the Revolution this building was occupied by the American soldiers as barracks. On the left, parallel with and opposite to Massachusetts Hall, is Harvard Hall, erected in 1765. The original building, which was destroyed by fire in 1764, was the first erected for the college. During the Revolution the American Army was stationed here, and among the items for damage sustained, a bill was rendered for one thousand pounds of lead, cut from the roof and carried away to be molded into bullets.

Passing by these two most ancient relics in Harvard's history, we enter the "quadrangle," formed by Hollis, Stoughton, Hollisworth, Thayer, University, Weld, Gray, and Matthews Halls. Of these, all are used as dormitories with the exception of University Hall, the first stone building erected in the college yard. It was built in 1815, and is, and has been since its completion, the centre of the college. The offices of the President is the southeast room of the second floor, that of the Dean, the southwest room, while adjoining and communicating are the offices of the Secretary and Registrar. On this floor the Faculty of the college assemble weekly to attend to all business relating to discipline and instruction. The other parts of the building are used for recitations.

Of the dormitories, the most attractive is Weld Hall. The building is of brick, with belts of light sandstone, and is five stories high. It contains fifty-four suites of elegant rooms. It does not

possess the historic interest of Hollisworth, Hollis and Stoughton, however, within whose walls many distinguished men have made their homes during their college course. Situated outside of the quadrangle, but in the college yard, Sever Hall, both in exterior beauty and in internal arrangements for recitations and examinations, is one of the finest buildings in the country. It is an interesting fact that this building was designed by the late H. H. Richardson, a graduate of Harvard, and one who has perhaps studied architecture as a fine art more than any other member of the profession.

Appleton Chapel, Boylston Hall, Dane Hall, Holden Chapel, and the Library, complete the list of buildings in the yard. The last, which is known as Gore Hall, is in the Gothic style of architecture and built of Quincy granite. The main body of the building is used as a reading-room, and a new extension contains the delivery-room, book-stack, art-rooms and rooms for the Librarian and his assistants. In addition to the Library proper, which contains 290,000 volumes, and which is, without doubt, the first in the country, although not the largest, the art-room of the building is full of interest to the casual visitor, by reason of the rare and curious relics which it contains.

Attention having been directed to all the buildings within the Campus, let us pass on to those of most interest which lie without the college inclosure. Leaving the grounds near Appleton Chapel, we see before us the magnificent outlines of Memorial Hall, erected in honor of the sons of Harvard who fell in defense of the Union. The building is constructed of brick and sandstone, the total length being 305 feet, and the width of the transept 115 feet. It consists of a dining-hall on the west, a memorial transept in the centre, and Sanders Theatre in the east. The central division is surmounted by a tower rising to a height of 190 feet. In the transept are placed marble tablets bearing the names of ninety-five graduates and students who gave their lives to their country. The north and south windows, of stained glass, are embellished with patriotic emblems, and the walls are inscribed with quotations from the classics in praise of patriotism. The theatre will seat 1,300 persons. It is used for the exercises on Class Day and Commencement Day, and for public lectures and concerts. The great dining-hall furnishes accommodations for 700 students during the term, and for the assembled Alumni on Commencement Day.

Leaving Memorial Hall, a few steps to the west bring us to the bronze statue of John Harvard. This statue is purely ideal, as no portrait or other likeness of the founder of the college is known to exist. It was unveiled with becoming ceremonies on October 15th, 1884. Further to the west stands the Hemenway Gymnasium, erected in 1879. The main hall is 119 feet long, surrounded by a gallery 18 feet wide, and supplied with the latest and most approved apparatus for athletic training. To the northwest of the gymnasium is Austen Hall, the new Law School building. This hall, built of sandstone, is two stories high and 220 feet long. It contains three lecture-rooms—one of which will seat 300 persons—a large reading-room, offices for the professors and librarian, and the book-stack, in which is a valuable law library of 21,600 volumes. A little to the northeast of Austen Hall lie Holmes and Jarvis Fields, reserved for the students for athletic sports. East of the gymnasium is the Lawrence Scientific School, and in close proximity is the Jefferson Physical Laboratory.

At some distance from the yard is the Museum of Comparative Zoology, founded by Louis Agassiz, and near by it is the Peabody Institute. Adjoining this building is Divinity Hall, together with a building in process of erection which is to contain the Divinity School Library. Lack of space prevents the mention in detail of a hundred other points of interest connected with the university.

It is of a college possessed of those and many other attractions, in addition to the prestige which history brings, that the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary is to be celebrated on the 6th, 7th and 8th of November. Following is the programme of Undergraduates' Day: Saturday, November 6th, at 9:30 A. M., boat-races on the Charles River; at 11:30, literary exercises by students in Sanders Theatre; at 3 P. M., a football game between Harvard and Wesleyan on Jarvis Field; at 7:30 P. M., a procession of the undergraduates and members of the Law and Medical Schools. At night there is to be a display of fireworks. The full programme for the following days has not been publicly announced. It is understood, however, that Sunday will be devoted to appropriate religious exercises, and that on Monday there will be literary exercises, which will include an oration by James Russell Lowell, and the reading of a poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The following key will help the reader to an understanding of our picture of the Harvard yard on another page: A, Memorial Hall—Dining-room and Theatre; B, The Old Gymnasium—not used; C, The President's House; D, Beck Hall—Dormitory; E, Sever Hall; F, Gore Hall—Library; G, Boylston Hall—Laboratory; H, Weld Hall; I, University Hall—President's Rooms; J, Thayer Hall; K, Matthews Hall—Dormitory; L, Massachusetts Hall—Examination-room; M, Harvard Hall; N, The First Parish Church; O, Hollis Hall—Dormitory; P, Stoughton Hall—Dormitory; Q, Hollisworth Hall; R, Harvard Statue.

THE BRANT MEMORIAL.

THE imposing memorial of Joseph Brant (Thayendanege), the great chief of the Mohawk Indians, was unveiled at Brantford, Ontario, on the 13th ult., by Mr. J. B. Robinson, Lieutenant-governor of Ontario, in the presence of ten thousand people, including a large number of Indians from the Six Nations Reserve. The statue is by Percy Wood, and was cast from bronze cannon furnished by the Canadian Government. Brant is represented standing erect, with his head turned towards the left shoulder, a tomahawk poised in one hand as if he were alluding to it, and the other hand at his side, with fingers spread in gesture. He has an eagle-feather in his hair and rings in his ears, a buckskin coat with broad sash, buckskin trousers, and moccasins. A long cloak, fringed about the neck with bear's claws, hangs from his shoulders and rests on the pedestal. The latter is square, and has two groups of three Indians each; those that stand reach to the level of Brant's feet. The statue is nine feet high. The six flanking figures represent the Mohawk, Tuscarora, Oneida, Seneca, Onondaga and Cayuga nations, typified respectively by a scalping-knife, spear, pipe of peace, bow and arrows, club, and flint-lock gun. The bear, wolf and tortoise, tokens of the chief clans, are also represented. On the two broad sides of the pedestal are trophies of Indian weapons and implements of the chase,

while about the base are two large bronze bas-reliefs representing fifteen Indians in a dance and Brant addressing a meeting of chiefs. Of the \$16,000 which this—the first important monument undertaken in honor of an Indian—has cost, \$5,000 came from the Six Nations, \$5,000 from the Dominion, and \$2,500 from the Provincial Government, the rest being added by individuals, the County of Brant, and the City of Brantford.

NORWEGIAN HOSPITALITY.

Is no land is hospitality more open-handed and more unaffected than in Norway, and, though these features are naturally becoming blunted along the beaten lines of travel, the genuine goodness of heart, fine "gentlemanly" feeling, and entire absence of that sordidness which is so often seen even in primitive regions, cannot fail to strike the unprejudiced observer. Nor is etiquette ignored by even the rudest of the people. In the cities the stranger is apt to make many blunders. In the country, however, this is not less marked, though perhaps the visitor will be less conscious of its presence. One of the peculiarities of the Norwegian farmer is that, when visiting a friend, he must ignore all the preparations made for his entertainment. He will see the coffee roasted and the cups set out, and then, just when the good wife is about to offer him her hospitality, he gets up, bids the family good-by, and is only persuaded to remain after some resistance. Every cup must be filled to overflowing; otherwise the host would be thought stingy. When milk, brandy or beer is offered, the guest invariably begs that it will not "be wasted on him," and then, after emptying the cup, declares that "it is too much"—going through the same formalities, it may be, three or four times. In the farmhouses, or upland "gaeters," the guest is left to eat alone, silver forks and spoons being often substituted for the carved wooden ones used by the family, and a fine white cloth for the bare board, which serves well enough on ordinary occasions. To a punctilious guest this may not be a drawback, for at the family table, as, indeed, among the peasants in Scandinavia everywhere, the different individuals dip their spoons into the same dishes of "grod" and sour milk; but for one desirous of studying a people, a load of foreign prejudice is a grievous burden to carry about. When a child is born the wife of every neighbor cooks a dish of "flodegrod" (porridge made with cream instead of milk), and brings it to the convalescent, there being a good deal of rivalry among the matrons to outdo each other in the quality and size of the dish. When any one has taken food in a Scandinavian house he shakes hands with the host and hostess in rising from the table, and says, "Tak for mad" ("Thanks for food"), to which they reply: "Vell bekomme" ("May it agree with you"). In many parts of Scandinavia all the guests shake hands with each other and repeat the latter formula; and in Norway, at least, it is the fashion for a guest to call on the hostess a few days later, and when she appears, to gravely say: "Tak for sidet" ("Thanks for last time"), great gravity on this formal visit being a mark of good breeding.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

MARYLAND gives employment to 60,000 persons in canning fruit and oysters, the estimate being 150,000,000 cans annually.

PROFESSORS FISCHER and PENZOLDT, of Erlangen, have established the fact that the sense of smell is by far the most delicate of the senses.

TURKEY has entered into a contract with a German firm for the construction of twelve torpedo-boats. They will cost \$1,300,000, and are to be finished within sixteen months. The Admiralty will also expend \$7,500,000 on men-of-war.

RUSSIA is going to have a railroad tunnel three miles long, at a cost of \$3,500,000. She has 15,000 miles of railway, but her only tunnel is 700 yards long. More great works of this kind are contemplated, and as Russian engineers are ignorant of tunnel-making, there is a demand for foreign skill.

LIGHTING the Parsees' sacred fire is an expensive and elaborate process on the institution of a new temple. Sixteen different kinds of wood in 1,001 pieces of fuel are required to obtain the sacred flame, which is afterwards fed with sandal-wood, and the cost of the process averages \$12,500. There are still three large and thirty-three small fire-temples at Bombay.

THE "big trees" of California will soon be extinct. Seventeen lumber companies, owning from 3,000 to 25,000 acres of red-wood forest each, are waging the war of extermination with all the weapons known to the modern logging camp. The demand for the wood is unlimited, and all the mills are kept at work to the limit of their capacity. The forests are large, by the forces employed against them are swift and irresistible.

AMATEUR photography has so advanced in India that a flourishing Photographic Society has been formed in Calcutta, and has just held its first meeting. The members will make excursions to collect material for an album to be published by the society, and it is further proposed to organize an exhibition of their work in the cold season. Lady Dufferin is a patron of the society, being herself a very successful amateur "Lady of the Sun."

IMITATION amber is being largely used in Germany for the mouthpieces of pipes, owing to the dearth and scarcity of the real article. From time immemorial amber has been chiefly found on the Königsberg coast of Prussia, partly by dragging and partly by mining. The Palmnicken Mines yield about 3,000 cwt. annually, and large pieces of amber produce \$90-per kilogram (2 lbs.) when taken from the mines. Most of this goes to Vienna, where the largest manufactory of amber mouthpieces exists.

THE most interesting incident in the Orientalists' Congress held at Vienna recently was the recitation of an Arab poem by Sheikh Hamza Fatalah, who had composed the melodious rhymes in honor of the hospitable City of Vienna. The Sheikh, who was dressed in flowing robes of yellow, pale-blue and white, and wore a belt fringed of the folds of a cashmere, was enthusiastically cheered when he mounted the speaker's chair. With upraised head and half-closed eyes, his hands spread before him, he spoke in rhythmic cadences, raising his voice to full power, and rarely stopping for breath. The last verse forms a chronogram of the Christian and Mohammedan dates 1886 and 1303. The Sheikh was applauded enthusiastically by the audience, which was grateful for having witnessed the rare spectacle of an inspired poet of the East.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

NEW YORK CITY contributed \$90,000 in aid of the Charleston sufferers.

THE Swiss Government proposes to purchase all the railways in the country.

THE creditors of the late King Louis of Bavaria will realize 7,000,000 marks.

THE Diaz Press in Mexico is advocating a Dictatorship for the President, with hereditary succession.

A BATCH of 307 Mormon immigrants, mainly from Sweden and Norway, landed at Philadelphia last week.

INTENDING emigrants from Austro-Hungary to the United States who prove, upon examination, to have no means of support, are not allowed to proceed.

THE North German Gazette says that the few questions under discussion between Germany and England will shortly be settled desirably and justly to the interests of both.

THE baseball championship has fallen to the St. Louis team as against Chicago, and neither side has reason to complain of the result. The men of St. Louis have fairly earned their victory.

It is stated authoritatively that of the 27,000 Hebrews who arrived at New York last year, less than 27 all told were dependents and had to be sent back home by the Emigration Commissioners.

THE Council of the Lutheran Church at Chicago has adopted a resolution condemning the confessional, a feature of the Roman Catholic Church which the Lutherans have recently been said to favor.

IRISH rent troubles are diminishing. Numerous Limerick tenants are paying their rents readily. Some have been granted large reductions. In one case the rent has been reduced from £392 to £200, and in another from £212 to £140.

THE German War Office having decided that all sub-officers must learn telegraphy, one hundred officers selected from the Berlin garrison and one hundred from the garrisons at Strasburg and Metz have begun a course of tuition.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has revoked his own previous proclamation concerning our trade with Spain. This act puts in force again the proclamation of President Arthur relieving Spanish vessels in our waters of differential duties.

THERE has lately been such a demand for minor coin in the form of five and one cent pieces that the surplus stock has all been put in circulation, and the Mint at Philadelphia has so far been unable to catch up with the demand, which is now some \$180,000 ahead of the supply.

A NEW industry for Texas is about to be opened, in the direct shipment from Galveston to London, England, of fresh beef and mutton. The experimental trip will be made by a British steamer expressly fitted for the trade, and, if it shall prove successful, the sale of cattle in the Northern markets will be largely diminished.

THE Case School of Applied Science, at Cleveland, O., founded by the late Leonard Case and endowed by him with property estimated to be worth \$2,250,000, was destroyed by fire last week, involving a money loss of \$200,000, exclusive of valuable collections of minerals, a valuable scientific library, physical appliances, etc.

THE fine of \$400 imposed on one of the fishing-vessels seized by the Canadian authorities has been refunded, the charge against the vessel having been found to be untenable. There are a number of other similar cases yet to be disposed of, and Consul-general Phelps expects that all the fine-money paid over will be refunded.

THE annual report of President Adams of Cornell University shows the institution to be in a flourishing condition in regard to the number of students and the efficiency of the Faculty. The whole number of students is 794, of which 370 are new students. The total number of freshmen in full standing is 304. There are 33 post-graduates.

FRENCH military glories are to be kept green in the memory of modern soldiers by a series of paintings for which active General Boulanger is now arranging. The War Minister intends that every regiment in the service shall possess a picture of some brilliant national feat of arms, and he has ordered ten works to begin with, executed by the best French war-painters, such as MM. Protais, Berne-Bellecour, etc.

THE Adams Express car of a passenger-train on the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad was robbed one night last week of about \$50,000 in money and valuables by a man who gave the name of James Cummings, and deceived the messenger, Fotheringham, with the pretense that he was to be appointed an employe of the company, and had been ordered to learn his duties. Twenty miles out from St. Louis he overpowered the messenger at the point of a pistol, bound and gagged him, cleaned out the safe, and made his escape from the train.

THERE have recently been received at the National Museum about a dozen articles of pottery and tapestry presented by the French Government, the total value of which is more than \$2,000. The museum has also just received a rare collection of objects gathered by Lieutenant Taunt, United States Navy, in his travels on the Upper Congo, and presented by him. The collection embraces a variety of assegais rudely but elaborately ornamented after the barbaric taste of the Central Africans; shields of woven bamboo strips; musical instruments made of elephants' tusks; beheading-knives; wooden spoons from the cannibal regions; and jewelry. Of the last named there is a ring which weighs ten pounds—of solid brass—taken from the ankle of a Central African belle.

A DETAILED account of the massacre of native Christians of Uganda, Africa, by the order of King Mwanga, shows that the massacre began in June, and was directly due to the refusal of a Christian lad, acting as the King's page, to commit an abominable crime. Many Christians were tortured, mutilated and speared, and thirty-two were burned alive together. The appeals of the missionaries for a cessation of the atrocities were unavailing. The fate of these unfortunates, however, did not serve to frighten candidates for baptism, and within a week after the massacre many natives were baptized at their own desire. Letters containing extracts from the Scripture, prayers and hymns, in the Uganda language, are freely bought by the people, although their possession involves danger of punishment.

THE DEATH OF MRS. A. T. STEWART.

MRS. CORNELIA MITCHELL STEWART, the widow of New York's richest merchant, the late Alexander T. Stewart, died at her lonely marble palace on Fifth Avenue on Monday morning of last week, at the age of eighty-one years. The end came suddenly, being the result of an attack of pneumonia, combined with a heart-trouble of long standing. Those present during her last moments were her physician, Dr. John C. Minor; Mrs. Horace Russell, the daughter of ex-Judge Hilton; Mrs. Wetherell, the daughter of Mrs. J. Lawrence Smith, a niece of Mrs. Stewart; Fannie, who has been Mrs. Stewart's maid for years; and Mrs. Mack, her housekeeper. Mrs. Stewart was conscious to the last.

Mrs. Stewart was born and reared in the City of New York. Her father was James Clinch, a well-known merchant, and when A. T. Stewart married her in 1825 it was said that he had married "above his station." Their married life is said to have been happy, though the loss of their two children, who died in infancy, was a blow to Mr. Stewart and a source of lasting sorrow to his wife. After the death of Mr. Stewart, which occurred in April, 1876, the widow undertook to carry out his plans in the erection of the Women's Home on Park Avenue, and the cathedral and schools at Garden City. The former proved a dire failure as a charitable institution, and has been converted into the Park Avenue Hotel. The cathedral, which cost \$1,000,000, was dedicated last year; while the Boys' School, capable of accommodating from 500 to 600 pupils, has been put on a prosperous basis, and plans were in preparation for the Girls' School.

The theft of Mr. Stewart's body from the vault in the churchyard of St. Mark's, on the night of November 6th, 1878, was a shock from which Mrs. Stewart never entirely rallied. The general belief is that the remains were subsequently recovered, through secret negotiations with the men who stole them; and the story is told at Garden City of the arrival there of a train of two passenger-cars at midnight, and of the placing of the body in the crypt of the cathedral. This edifice stands as a monument to the merchant and his wife, and there the body of Mrs. Stewart was laid, on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Stewart's friends speak highly of her personal character. She was retiring and unostentatious in her habits of life; and, although she shared her husband's aversion to public charities, many private acts of munificence are recorded to her credit. She gave \$10,000 to the Hahnemann Hospital. The value of the estate which Mr. Stewart left her was variously estimated at from \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000, and it has probably



M. AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI.
SEE PAGE 182.

not increased since his death. A large part of it consists of real estate. The Stewart mansion cost about \$3,000,000, with \$2,000,000 additional for furniture, paintings and *bric-à-brac* with which the house is filled.

The relatives of Mrs. Stewart consist chiefly of the Clinch and Smith families and their children. A brother of Mrs. Stewart was Charles P. Clinch, for forty or fifty years Deputy Collector of this Port. James Clinch by his second wife had three daughters, Julia, Anna and Susan, all of whom are unmarried and living in this city. Two other near relatives are Charles J. Clinch, a nephew, now living in Paris, the President of the American Club in that city, who has one daughter; and Mrs. J. Lawrence Smith, a

niece, the daughter of James Clinch, a brother of Mrs. Stewart, and the wife of ex-Judge J. Lawrence Smith, of Smithtown. Mrs. Smith has six children: five daughters—Mrs. Osborn, the wife of a Chicago lawyer; Mrs. Prescott Hall Butler, Mrs. J. Bloomfield Wetherell, Miss Ella Smith and Mrs. Stamford White, the wife of the son of Richard Grant White; and one son—James Lawrence Smith.

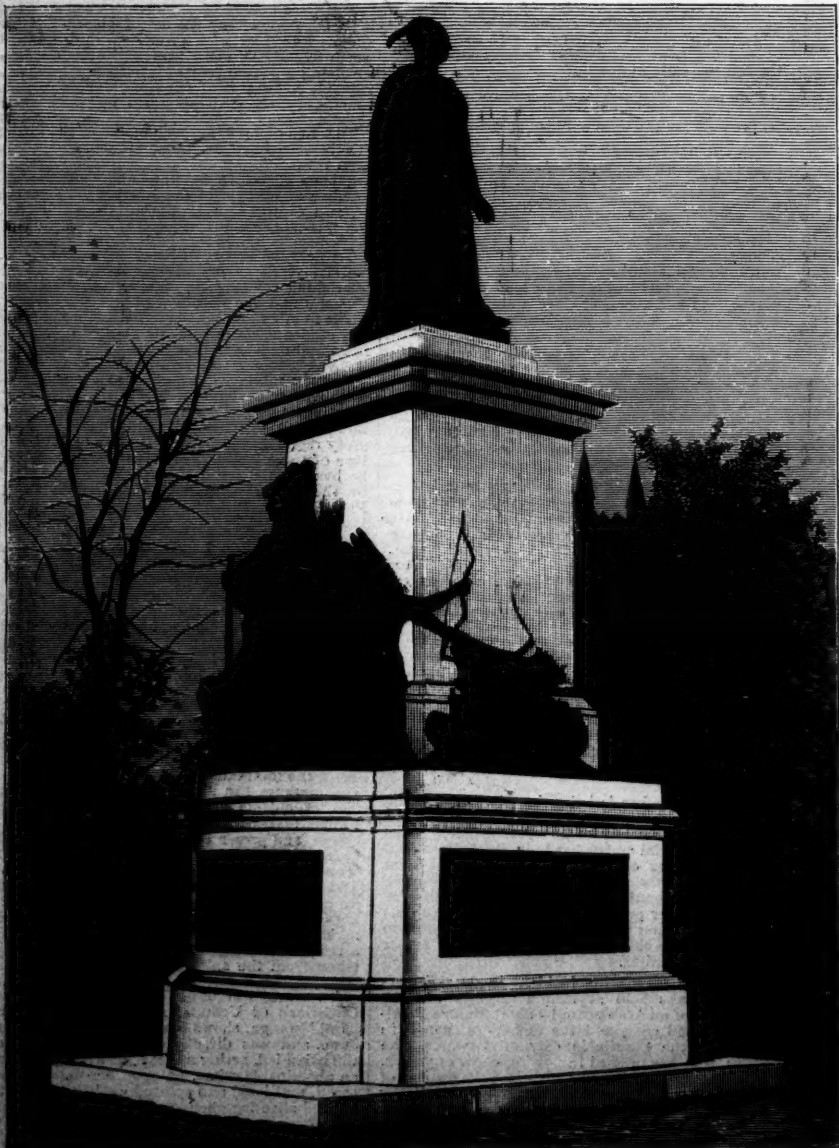
The funeral on Thursday consisted of a simple service at the house, and a full service at the Garden City Cathedral, Bishop Littlejohn officiating at both places.

Surmises concerning the disposition of the Stewart property, especially the residence, with its art-treasures, are many and various; but curiosity will probably remain unsatisfied until the arrival from Paris of Mr. Charles J. Clinch, the nephew of Mrs. Stewart.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

SOMETHING FURTHER CONCERNING ITS
MARVELOUS GROWTH.

IN a recent number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER we presented illustrations of two of the most prominent buildings in Minneapolis, and accompanied them with interesting statements concerning its flour and lumber interests. This week we illustrate four other of its notable structures, the four forming a most interesting group, each affording a most convincing proof that the growth and development of the city embraces every feature of commercial and industrial enterprise of the city. The broad streets and avenues are paved with the best of block material, the sidewalks are universally laid with immense patented slabs in imitation of stone; the houses, except those used for business purposes, are of frame and built in the most picturesque architectural style, scarcely any two on the same square being alike. Indeed, it is not likely that there is a city in the world where the designs for private residences are so diversified as in Minneapolis. They range from the grave to the gay, from the plain to the startling, and from the modern to the ancient. Over three thousand residences were erected in 1885, and as many more thus far in the present year. The improvements have reached for miles into the country on every side, and lands that but a few short months ago were tilled as farms are now in the corporate limits of the city, and are either covered with new-made houses or are platted and in the market for sale at fabulous prices. And there are many men who were only in moderate circumstances five years ago who now count their wealth by hundreds of thousands of dollars, while some of them are millionaires. A page of this paper would not suffice to relate the cases of sudden and unexpected wealth that have marked the history of that city; only one can be recorded here: Not six years ago a piece of ground on the corner of Hennepin Avenue and Sixth Street was purchased by a maiden lady for \$3,000. Since that time the West Hotel has been erected upon a lot adjoining it, and a general rise in property values has taken place all round. Last Spring, when a new Masonic Temple was decided upon, that lady was paid \$61,000 for her property. That may



CANADA.—THE BRONZE STATUE OF CHIEF JOSEPH BRANT, UNVEILED AT BRANTFORD, ONT.,
OCTOBER 18TH.
FROM A PHOTO. BY PARK & CO., BRANTFORD.—SEE PAGE 157.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATE MRS. A. T. STEWART.
FROM A PHOTO. BY SABORT.

seem marvelous and fairy-like, but the records show it as a fact, as they do many others of a similar character. Cases of an advance of a thousand or two of dollars in sixty days are so frequent as to excite no remark. Four hundred men engaged in the business of real estate, either as principals or agents, tell the story of activity in that line, and the millions of dollars of New York capital that have been invested in property here is ample evidence as to the confidence that is felt by the shrewdest of Eastern capitalists in the permanency and stability of the progress and prosperity of Minneapolis. This tremendous rise in real estate could not go on from year to year unless it had a cause and was a great deal more than speculative. When it is remembered that the population of the city has increased in six years to the extent of one hundred thousand, and that the territory tributary to it has had a most wonderful development, extending for hundreds of miles in every direction; that the growth of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota and Iowa is only emblematic of what it will be in five or ten years to come; and that as they grow and expand Minneapolis must flourish, it is not to be wondered at that this city is so rapidly coming to the front as a metropolis, leading all others in the rapidity of its progress.

Over three hundred thousand dollars have been invested in churches alone during the past three years, and no city upon the American Continent of the size of Minneapolis can compare with it in the number, elegance and grandeur of its houses of worship. Its school buildings are new, numerous, and of the finest descrip-



THE HIGH SCHOOL.



THE "TRIBUNE" BUILDING.

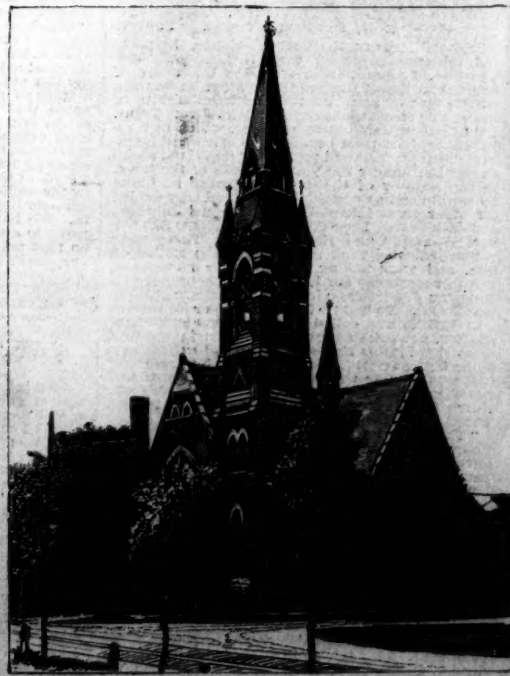
tion, while the High School edifice just erected would be an honor to Boston. There is an opera house not only Grand in name, but a marvel of beauty and elegance. The Public Library, a structure that will be remarkable for its architectural appearance, gives evidence of the refinement, taste and culture of the people. The Exposition Building—illustrated in this paper, September 4th—was erected at an expense of \$350,000, every dollar of which was con-

tributed by the citizens of that city, an exhibition of enterprise and public spirit seldom seen. The *Tribune* Building, represented in this issue, is one of the largest, finest and most complete newspaper establishments in the United States, and tells its own story as to the success of that journal in a financial point of view. It is a vigorous, enterprising, progressive paper, keeps up with the rapid material development of the city, and leads in all its important social and other enterprises. As a newspaper it stands in the front rank, and is a bright example of Western energy and pluck. The West Hotel, also illustrated in this number, is one of the great points of attraction to all strangers visiting Minneapolis, and is an exposition in itself. There are but one or two hotels in the country exceeding it in size, but it has no superior in the world in point of magnificence of finish and completeness of appointment. It was erected at a cost of \$1,500,000, and is a monument to the wisdom and foresight of its projector. Minneapolis has never had, and never will have, an improvement that will give it more fame throughout the land than the West Hotel.

The parks that are laid, and others that are projected, reflect much taste and credit upon the citizens of Minneapolis. Central Park is a most lovely spot in the very centre of the city. It contains thirty acres, and is as perfect a specimen of landscape gardening as can be found in the West. There are some eight other parks, either completed or approaching completion, that in time will add greatly to the beauty of the city. It is impossible even



THE WEST HOTEL.



THE CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH.

MINNESOTA.—SOME OF THE NOTABLE BUILDINGS OF THE CITY OF MINNEAPOLIS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

to mention the numerous and important projects that are being constantly started by the public-spirited citizens of that really wonderful city. They would stagger the wealthy men of older and larger places, but there appears to be no bounds to the ambition of the energetic people of Minneapolis. They hesitate at no enterprise that has for its object the up-building and advance of the city, and the result is that it stands to-day one of the first of American cities. Its business in every department of trade is on the advance, and it will be in the nature of a surprise to many people throughout the country to learn that the weekly clearings of the Minneapolis banks are now greater than those of Detroit, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Memphis and Denver, and almost equal to those of Milwaukee, Louisville and Providence. The wholesale trade in groceries, drygoods, notions, drugs, iron, boots and shoes, hats and caps, and kindred commodities, has grown to large proportions, while many of its industrial enterprises have had most remarkable success, and are constantly growing. Its Chamber of Commerce, its Board of Trade and its Jobbers' Association, especially the latter, are the great levers that crowd its business into the interior and take a hand in its general advancement. As to what Minneapolis will be a decade hence, no man can form any conception.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

A POST-OFFICE in Dakota has been named after the sculptor Bartholdi.

The impeachment proceedings against Mayor Smith of Philadelphia will be abandoned.

It is estimated that the expenses of the United States postal service for the next fiscal year will reach \$55,842,150, while the estimated revenue for the same period is \$50,612,566.

TWENTY-SIX persons lost their lives in an accident, last week, on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. The disaster was caused by the neglect of a brakeman to close a switch.

The General Episcopal Convention, before its adjournment last week, appointed a committee to consider, during the next three years, what legislation is necessary on the subject of marriage and divorce, and report to the next convention.

In his annual report, just given to the Press, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs denounces the tribal system that prevails in Indian Territory, and says that he would like to see all the Indians in the Territory placed upon that part of it which lies east of the ninety-eighth meridian, and would then sell the remainder for their benefit. He would have them take lands in severalty, become citizens, organize a Territorial Government, and send delegates to Congress.

FOREIGN.

The health of Emperor William has improved, and his activity is as great as ever.

The French Senate has passed the Primary Education Bill by a vote of 361 to 175.

M. LABOULAYE has been appointed French Ambassador to St. Petersburg, and M. Cambon Ambassador to Madrid.

DIPLOMATIC relations between France and Russia have been resumed, greatly to the satisfaction of the French Press.

While the cholera epidemic in Japan is abating somewhat, the mortality from the disease is still enormous. From September 27th to October 7th there were 6,014 cases and 4,435 deaths, as against 34,908 cases and 23,776 deaths during the four preceding weeks.

In a recent speech the British Secretary of War stated that the Government proposes to break down the intemperance system of Irish agitators, not by an arbitrary act, but by securing to every man individual liberty and by freeing him from the tyranny under which Ireland suffers from those agitators.

IMPORTANT changes have been made in the Spanish Army, including the dismissal of 1,400 sub-lieutenants to lieutenancies. The removal of the sergeants was decided upon to prevent the recurrence of army conspiracies by distributing probable authors of plots all over the country.

A NEW PHASE OF DARWINISM.

A DEVELOPMENT OF HEREDITY: THE POWER OF FAITH: A SEARCH FOR PURITY: A REGENERATION OF BLOOD: THE SAVING POWER OF PURITY.

ERASMUS DARWIN, the man of science, the poet, and the good physician, came to Litchfield, Staffordshire, England, fresh from the University of Edinburgh, about the year 1780, when he was not thirty years of age. He took an humble suite of rooms on a street that overlooked the silvery Trent, and at once entered upon practice, which in a remarkably short time became extensive and lucrative. With professional popularity he gained social distinction among the young people of the town. In the shadow of the noble Cathedral he found friendship and association, such as had been denied the other great Litchfield man, Samuel Johnson, and such as had been given Litchfieldians like Gilbert Walmesley and Henry Hervey. There were young ladies of rank and wealth who smiled on him, and were willing to give their money and titles in exchange for his love, but he cared not. Marriage was far from his thoughts. His profession was his all. He had no time for love or pleasure.

In 1788 he was called upon one day by Thomas Chaffee, a wealthy brewer, who complained of a severe pain in his stomach. The doctor had been doing a great deal to stay the tide of intemperance that was cursing the borough, but his words had not weighed against the product of Chaffee's malt. Now a chance for an effective temperance lecture was at hand.

"Thomas," he said, "you have got a cancer. Your liquor caused it. I cannot cure you. You have committed suicide, but for God's sake stop your brewing before you commit unnumbered homicides."

Quite naturally such plain language displeased the brewer, and he went home enraged. His daughter Sinal shared her father's anger when she heard of the young doctor's words, and having a wild spirit of her own, she forthwith called on Dr. Darwin to show her resentment. The outcome of the call was that the lady admired the physician's quiet courage of conviction and he reciprocated by admiring her companionship of her father and his vocation.

The result was mutual love and a marriage engagement. In a few months Thomas Chaffee was dead of gastric cancer, and his daughter had shown her love for Dr. Darwin by selling the brewery, and by working hand in hand with him to diminish drunkenness. She would do anything for him, and she loved him with most beautiful strength and depth of affection.

But the doctor was too scientific to be a true lover. He was too much like his grandson. The girl pleased him well, but after a protracted engagement, he heartlessly broke it by arguing to himself and his fiancée that it was probable that she would inherit her father's terrible malady, and that such a probability would entail a burden of unhappiness on them both. Such cool reasoning was a dreadful blow to the orphan girl, and as nothing was left to bind her to her native town, she soon emigrated to America. Dr. Darwin removed from Litchfield to Derby, a little later, and won great fame as an author and a scientist, and had a home that might have been happy.

Sinal Chaffee could not forget her lost love. Finding a home with relatives near Albany, she lived a quiet, maiden life for many years, but never entered society. Amasa Converse went frequently from his home in Wind-or, Massachusetts, to Albany, and when the next June came up the Hudson there was a bloom of orange-blossoms at the Van Ness mansion-house, and Chancellor John Lansing gave away the bride, the fair and gentle Sinal. Mr. Converse was a farmer, but he gave his wife a pleasant home among the Berkshire Hills. When her first-born came, and they told her it was a son, she said, "His name shall be Erasmus Darwin Converse."

The years passed happily. Afterward there were born two daughters, and then another son. On her dying bed she told her sister-in-law of her early love.

"There is no cancer in my blood," she said, when the fury of fever had inflamed her veins; "but, Polly, I fear that my boy may some time suffer from the disease."

Polly only smiled at such an idea, but she did not forget it. Darwin Converse grew a stalwart and healthy lad, but he had his mother's gentle and retiring manner. His father married again and sent the boy away to school, where for a chum he had George Dana Eustis, and where he made the close acquaintance of William Cullen Bryant. The poet was away to the academy, but the fair and gentle Converse in Cunningham, where for a quarter of a century they met every Summer, and kept their friendship warm. Converse was a farmer, but he was a scholar and a philosopher, and his secluded life was never other than happy. Marrying a wife, and a successful life, he passed middle age and never knew a day of sickness. One Autumn day, in 1873, he drove from Cunningham to Pittsfield, and, as was his custom, took dinner with his aunt, Mrs. Polly Pratt.

"Why do you wear a muffler?" she asked him.

"My throat pains me some," he said, "and so I bundle it up."

The old lady asked to see his ailing throat, and noticed on one of the tonsils a small scarlet spot.

"Can it be cancer?" she thought, remembering his mother's prophetic fears.

The next time the father went to Pittsfield it was three months later, and it was to consult a physician about his throat. Dr. C. D. Mills examined him, and finding his system in prime condition, he inclined to treat him for an entirely local affection.

"Doctor," said the sage old aunt, "isn't it cancer?" and she told of the hereditary liability.

The next time that the doctor looked at the circumscribed, angry redness, he recognized the antecedent heredity, and knew the particular direction that the morbid action had taken. "Cancer," he said; and in his opinion coincided Dr. Wm. Warren Greene, Dr. Thomas Hun, Dr. A. N. Allen, and several other eminent surgeons. It was cancer, at the best terrible, but in this case made more terrible by its inaccessibility.

The prophecy, born of outraged love, was fulfilled: and while the father, the son of the world with his brilliant theories, the son of his grandfather's wronged first love was feeling deathly pain as he breathed the keen Massachusetts air.

One day as the father read his paper he chanced to see an item which told of a Philadelphia physician who had been cured of cancer in a most peculiar form of oxygen. The father liked the idea, and in the Summer he went to Philadelphia. Dreading lest he was to fall into the hands of a charlatan, he gave Dr. G. R. Starkey an assumed name, and showed him his throat. After an examination he said: "Doctor, if your treatment will purify my blood, I will do it." "Just in isolation," answered the physician, "will do just this if you will give it time. It will render your system able to throw off the matter that causes the disease."

"I am a believer. Begin your treatment," was all the man could say.

Advantages were realized at once. The system that had begun to totter under the burden of the terrible disease was speedily vitalized, and gradually the throat-lesion began to assume the appearance of healthy healing. "My throat is well," he was soon able to say, and with the exception of a electrical spot in place of the ulcer he never suffered further inconvenience. Of course the physician had to admit that he was cured, though Dr. Mills was inclined to doubt.

Alonzo Morse, a worthy citizen of Vineland, N. J., was a cousin of Mr. Converse, and had a cancer at the inner canthus of his left eye. He was induced to try the Treatment, and was cured, as hundreds of reputable citizens of Vineland and Dalton, Mass., can testify. Said Mr. Morse to a reporter, "That Philadelphia doctor saved my life, and I am positive that there is no other physician who can cure cancer."

This is but one of a hundred singular, chronic cases whose relief and final cure has made their friends view it as almost a miracle.

The above testimonial is published—not to claim for the Compound Oxygen a cure of any specific disease, but as a marked illustration of the way it cures all affections. The process is that of revitalizing the physical organism, so that it is restored to a state of natural health. Now, it is to be well noted that this revitalization is not an artificial supply of a given amount of vitality, which is to be soon exhausted, thus leaving the system in the same condition in which it was; but it puts the organs whose functions it is to generate vitality in a state of full health. This testimonial was written by the well-known writer, "Rev. M. C. Cogswell," without our suggestion or knowledge, and sent to us. We have kept it two years, and have taken pains to establish its authenticity. Being satisfied on that point, we allow it to go forth, not for the purpose of soliciting cases of cancer for treatment. We have never seen a case of cancer thoroughly cured by Compound Oxygen, but have seen enough of its effects in cancerous cases to be convinced that many of them might be cured if taken in time. In corroboration of this statement we give the following account of a case sent to us by the following, an estimable lady of Millersburg, Ohio:

"I think you have said in some of your circulars that you did not claim that the Compound Oxygen would 'perform surgical operations or cure cancer.' I think I can now say that it has cured what would have been cancer two years ago had I not been treated according to your directions. While using the Oxygen by inhalation, I also bathed the sore, or rather covered it with a cloth saturated with inhaler water, at morning and at night, as directed, since it became worse through neglect of the treatment last Spring, and I am happy to say that I regard it as cured, although I still apply the water. The itching and gnawing sensation is gone, the last vestige of scab has disappeared and there is only a small discolored depression (very slight) left to tell of the trouble now. I have used nothing for it whatever except your treatment, so the cure can be ascribed to nothing else."

The Compound Oxygen has now received a world-wide reputation for its efficiency in curing chronic diseases. The afflicted will find facts and testimonials greatly to their interest in the Treatise on Compound Oxygen, and their publications on various diseases, which are all sent free upon application, addressed to Drs. STARKEY & FAIR, No. 1,589 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Great Reward

Will be secured by those who write to HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. Full information will be sent you, free, about work that you can do and live at home, wherever you are situated, that will pay you from \$5 to \$25 and upwards a day. A number have earned over \$50 in a day. Capital not needed. HALLETT & Co. will start you. Both sexes; all ages. The chance of a lifetime. All is new. Now is the time. Fortunes are absolutely sure for the workers.

FUN.

GERONIMO will buy his ticket to Florida of a scalper. This snail is called "the poor man's oyster" in France. To eat snails cannot be called fast living. —*Lowell Courier.*

An Egyptian mummy on exhibition at the Iowa State Fair has been seized by a landlord in payment of the owner's board-bill, and the owner now complains that his exhibit is a dead loss. —*Boston Transcript.*

SAFE, reliable, harmless and cheap is Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP. We do not wonder at its popularity. "He saw before him the gladiator die." Yes, and he wouldn't, perhaps, if there had only been a sensible man to rub him well with SALVATION OIL.

"AND so you really want to go to Congress?" "Yes, to speak frankly, I do hope to get the nomination." "Well, suppose you get elected, what would you do when you got there?" "Do? Why, work for a re-election, of course. What do you suppose I should do?" "Ah, I see that you have the making of a great statesman in you. You may count on my influence." —*Boston Transcript.*

CLAREMONT COLONY

OFFERS great inducements. Send for free illustrated circulars and maps. J. F. MANCHA, Claremont, Va.

WRITERS

Of novel and attractive advertisements are offered \$800 cash for best advertising notices. For particulars, address *World's Dispensary Medical Association*, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS were prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SEIGERT for his private use. Their reputation is such to-day that they have become generally known as the best appetizing tonic. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SEIGERT & SONS.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.

BIRD MANNA restores the song of cage birds and keeps them in perfect health. Sent for 15c. in stamps. Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3d St., Phila.

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. LAWRENCE, 212 East 9th Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.



An INSECT BITE

is a TROUBLESOME Thing

Use Perry Davis' PAIN-KILLER

for all Insect Bites, Bruises, Burns, Scalds or Sprains.

All Druggists keep Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

Crosby's Vitalized Phosphites

THE BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD. Cures all Weaknesses and Nervous Derangements. Used by all Physicians. DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL, \$1. 50 WEST TWENTY-FIFTH ST., NEW YORK.

Lactated Food

The Physician's Favorite FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

Leading Physicians of all schools and sections voluntarily testify to its superior merit as

The MOST NOURISHING, Most PALATABLE, Most ECONOMICAL, of all Prepared Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

A BRAVE LADY.

Mrs. Schoonmaker, of Creek Locks, N. Y., had the misfortune to lose the sight of one of her eyes through an accident, and endured painful inflammatory action therein for two long years—the other eye finally becoming sympathetically affected, her health seriously suffering; indeed, she was a mere wreck, a walking skeleton.

In this Terrible Strait she consulted Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who told her at once that the injured eye must be removed. She quietly, but firmly said: "All right, doctor, but don't give me any chloroform. Let my husband sit by my side during the operation, and I will neither cry out nor stir." The work was done, and the poor woman kept her word.

TALK OF SOLDIERLY COURAGE. This showed greater pluck than it takes to face a hundred guns. To restore her general health, and give tone and strength to the system, Dr. Kennedy then gave the Favorite Remedy, which cleansed the blood and imparted new life to the long-suffering woman. She rapidly gained health and strength, and is now well.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

is a priceless blessing to women. No family should be without it. The laboring man, the mechanic, the student and literary man, should have this medicine. It will build up a system which has been run down by overwork. It is not expensive, and it is efficient.

PREPARED BY Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

Sold by all Druggists. \$1 a Bottle, 6 for \$5.



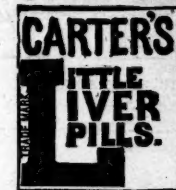
ONLY FOR Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

FOR PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular.

BRANT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE



Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.

C. WEIS Mfr of Meerschmied Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 309 E. 7th St., N.Y. Factories, 60 Walker St., & Vienna, Austria. Sterling silver m'd pipes, new designs.

HALE'S HONEY

OF HOREHOUND AND TAR. A Wonderful Cure for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Croup and Whooping Cough. Bantishes Croup and Colds where other remedies have failed. Keep in readiness. Bales—25c., 50c., \$1. Of all druggists. Beware of counterfeits.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in One Minute. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

BOKER'S BITTERS

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